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A

SELECTION

OF

HYMNS,

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

ADAPTED TO

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

By THOMAS WESTLAKE.

The Second Edition, corrected and enlarged.

" *Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,*
" *Join all your praising pow'rs:*
" *No theme is like redeeming love,*
" *No Savior is like ours.*"

Bristol: Printed by Biggs and Co.

Sold by Button, London; Brown, Briſtol; the Editor, and Penny, *Exeter;* and Gray, Plymouth.

1801.

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RECOMMENDATION

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE Editor must have employed no inconsiderable portion of time and attention, in collecting, altering, and arranging the following Hymns, for which, we trust, he will receive suitable acknowledgment. We readily recommend this publication as more uniformly evangelical than Hymn-Books in general, to the patronage of those, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and earnestly intreat the great Object of the song to accept the praise here offered to the glory of his exalted Name.

SAMUEL ROWLES.
JOHN GILES.
JOHN PAUL PORTER.

PREFACE.

DIVINE Truth has been the principal object kept in view, while compiling this Selection of Hymns.

It was, at first, intended only for the Editor's own amusement and edification; but the repeated solicitations of many friends induced him to make it public.

This Edition is much improved; and is designed for the use of those, whom the Holy Spirit has convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and to whom he has revealed Christ in the glory of his

Person, in the greatness of his work, and in the riches of his grace; and who make the Word of God the only Rule both of their faith and practice.

In order to complete this Selection, the Editor has carefully perused more than one hundred printed Hymn-Books, and about four hundred and sixty Hymns in manuscript.

The variety of subjects it contains will afford, it is hoped, real pleasure, and profit to a contemplative spiritual mind.

May the ever-blessed Jehovah condescend to follow the reading and singing these Hymns, with divine unction, light, and influence, that they may be the means

of promoting communion with the Father in his love, with the Son in his salvation, and with the Spirit in his gifts and graces. This is the earnest and affectionate prayer of him, who can say with the Apostle Peter, "Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus. Amen."

T. W.

Exeter, Jan. 1, 1801.

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Entered at Stationer's Hall.

HYMN 1. Sevens. Ingenuus.

A Song of Praiſe to God.

NOW to God a joyful ſong;
Tune your harps, ye angel throng,
Raptur'd ſtrike each golden ſtring;
Echoing heav'ns, praiſe your King.

Glorious orb of liquid flame,
Shine to thy Creator's fame:
Moon and ſtars his praiſe rehearſe,
Gladly join the grateful verſe.

Heav'n of heav'ns, your Maker laud,
Spread his wond'rous works abroad;
Floods on high, his pow'r declare,
For he fix'd your ſtation there.

Earth, the heav'nly concert join,
Stormy winds and hail, combine;
Thunders roll, and lightnings blaze;
Snow and vapour join the praiſe.

Feather'd throng, that ſkim the ſky,
Soaring, ſwell your muſic high;
Humble plants, with meekneſs nod;
Cedars, bow and bleſs your God.

Tow'ring mountains, ev'ry deep,
Beaſts and cattle, worms that creep,
Favour'd mortals, old and young,
Let his mercies grace your tongue.

Zion's ſons, your voices raiſe,
Sing his matchleſs works and ways:
All creation loud proclaim
Endleſs honors to his name.

O God of Glory! God of Love!
In Eſſence One, in Perſon Three!
With all the ſhining hoſts above
Let duſt and aſhes worſhip Thee!

5. S. M. TAYLOR'S COL.

To the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt

LET heav'n and earth agree
The Father's name to ſing;
Who gave us to the Son, that he
Might us to glory bring.

Honor and equal love
Let God the Son receive,
Who ſaves us here, and prays above
That we with him may live.

Be everlaſting praiſe
To God the Spirit giv'n;
Who ſanctifies the choſen race,
And ſeals the heirs of heav'n.

Given, redeem'd, and ſeal'd,
We'll ſing the One in Three;
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd
To all eternity.

6. L. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

BLESS'D be the Father, and his Love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

We give the ſacred Spirit praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe,
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore:
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a ſhore.

7. As the 148th. WATTS, *altered.*

Another.

WE give immortal praiſe
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He ſent his own beloved Son
To die for crimes that we had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who ſav'd us by his blood
From everlaſting woe:
In glory now ſupreme he reigns,
And ſees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal praiſes give,
Whoſe new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live;

Tis he completes the great deſign,
And fills the ſoul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endleſs honors done—
The great myſterious Three,
Yet undivided One.
Where reaſon fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

8. As the 148th.

Another.

TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man;
To him that form'd our hearts anew,
Is endleſs praiſe and glory due.

The Father's love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal ſongs;
We bring to God the Son
Hoſannas on our tongues:
Our lips addreſs the Spirit's name,
With equal praiſe, and zeal the ſame.

Let ev'ry ſaint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One:
Thus heav'n ſhall raiſe his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Doxologies.

9. As the 113th.

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praiſe and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the ſaints in earth and heav'n.

10. As the 148th.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe:
And while our lips their tribute bring,
Our faith adores the Name we ſing.

11. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

12. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

13. S. M.

TO the eternal Three,
In Will and Eſſence One,
Be univerſal homage paid,
Coequal honors done.

14. L. M. WATTS's P.

To the Son.

NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Savior-King,
Jeſus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord!
Gird on thy terror of thy ſword!
In majeſty and glory ride,
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands;
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

15. L. M. WATTS's H.

Another.

NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love.

Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth
He came to raiſe our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath;
Jeſus the God, was born to die.

Hell and its lions roar'd around;
His precious blood the monſter ſpilt;
While weighty ſorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.

Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

Amidſt a thouſand harps and ſongs
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
O may his praiſe fill all our tongues,
And echo to the heav'nly plains.

16. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

To the Holy Ghoſt.

ETERNAL Spirit! thee we bleſs
And ſing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy love conveys our bleſſings down
From God the Father and the Son.

Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

Thy mighty power works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning ſin;
Doth each imperious luſt ſubdue,
And moulds and forms the will anew.

Thou doſt allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind:
The troubled conſcience knows thy voice;
And thou doſt make the heart rejoice.—

Forgive the ſong that falls ſo low
Beneath the gratitude we owe!
It means thy praiſe, however poor,
And ſeraph-tongues can do no more.

17. As the 148th. WATTS, *altered.*

The Divine Perfections.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes
Are light and Majeſty:

His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal eye can bear the ſight.

The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and juſtice ſtand,
To guard his holy law;
And where his love reſolves to bleſs,
His truth confirms and ſeals the grace.

Thro' all his works and ways
Unbounded wiſdom ſhines;
His foes how low he lays!
He mocks their vain deſigns:
Strong is his arm, and ſhall fulfil
His great decrees, and ſov'reign will.

And is this God the ſame,
That thus doth condeſcend?
And will he write his name,
A Father and a Friend?—
Adore his grace with one accord—
Let all the ranſom'd praiſe the Lord.

18. C. M. Rowe.

The Eternity of God.

THOU didſt, O Mighty God, exiſt
E'er time began its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of ſpace.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was ſtay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty ſprings
Their liquid ſtores diſplay'd.

E'er men ador'd or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
Thy bliſs, O Sacred Spring of life!
And glory were the ſame.

And when the pillars of the world,
With ſudden ruin, break;
And all this vaſt and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck:

When from her orb the moon ſhall ſtart,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſun roll back;
While all the trembling ſtarry lamps
Their ancient courſe forſake:

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free;
Unchang'd, in everlaſting years,
Shall thy exiſtence be.

19. C. M.

The Glory of God.

GREAT God, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.

Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labor of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.

But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join,
In their divineſt forms;

Our thoughts are loſt in joyful awe;
We love and we adore;
The firſt arch-angel never ſaw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

When ſinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
O, the dear myſt'ries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.—

O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

20. L. M. Towgood's Col.

The Majeſty of God.

DO thou, my ſoul, in ſacred lays
Attempt thy Great Creator's praiſe:
But, O, what tongue can ſpeak his fame!
What mortal verſe can reach the theme!

Enthron'd amidſt the radiant ſpheres,
He glory like a garment wears:
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thouſand ſuns around him ſhine.

Before his throne a glitt'ring band
Of ſeraphim and angels ſtand;
Etherial ſpirits, who in flight
Outwing the active rays of light.

To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth:
He rais'd the glorious arch on high;
And meaſur'd out the azure ſky.

In all our Maker's grand deſigns,
Omnipotence with wiſdom ſhines;
His works thro' all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impreſs of his name.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my ſoul, his glories ſing;
And let his praiſe employ thy tongue,
'Till liſt'ning worlds applaud the ſong.

21. C. M. WATTS's P.

The Omnipreſence of God.

LORD, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell, they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n, thy glorious throne.

Should we ſuppreſs our vital breath
To 'ſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
We fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand, which muſt ſupport our flight,
Would ſoon betray our reſt.

If o'er our ſins we think to draw
The curtains of the night;
Thoſe flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the ſhades to light.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee:—
Lord! we have ſinn'd againſt that pow'r,
From which we cannot flee.

22. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Decrees of God.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his ſov'reign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

Ten thouſand ages e'er the ſkies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood preſent to his thought.

There's not a ſparrow or a worm
But's found in his *decrees*;
He raiſes monarchs to their throne,
And ſinks them as he pleaſe.

If light attend the courſe I run,
'Tis he provides thoſe rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my ſun,
If darkneſs cloud my days.

Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to ſee
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

When he reveals the book of life,
O, may I read my name
Amongſt the choſen of his love,
The follow'rs of the Lamb!

23. C. M. WATTS's H.

God's eternal Dominion.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
E'er ſeas or ſtars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey.
From the formation of the ſky
To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands preſent in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
To thee there's nothing new.

Our lives thro' various ſcenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

24. C. M. WATTS's L. and H.

The wiſdom of God.

ETERNAL Wiſdom, thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Thro' ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite ſtrength, and equal skill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our ſouls with raſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the Builder God.

But, in thy goſpel's wond'rous frame,
Freſh wiſdom we purſue;
A thouſand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

Thy name is writ in faireſt lines,
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wiſdom thro' all the myſt'ry ſhines,
And ſhines in Jeſus' face.

25. C. M. Watts and Steel.

The Goodneſs of God.

SWEET is the mention of thy grace,
O God, our heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His *goodneſs* to the ſkies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

With longing eyes his creatures wait
On him for daily food,
His lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ranſom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodneſs known
In its diviner forms.

Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors ſhall we raiſe?
Not all the raptur'd ſongs above
Can render equal praiſe.

26. C. M. Watts's H.

The Faithfulneſs of God.

BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd, as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raſe
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

His ev'ry word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice, that rolls the ſtars along,
Spake all the promiſes.

Lord, might I hear thy heavn'ly tongue
But whiſper, *Thou art mine!*
Thoſe gracious words ſhould raiſe my ſong
To notes almoſt divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n ſecure!
Give me to hear thy peaceful voice,
And faith deſires no more.

27. C. M. BURDER's Col.

God is Love.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your ſouls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To ſing, that God is Love.

This precious truth, his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jeſus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To ſhew, that God is Love.

Behold, his patience length'ned out,
To thoſe who from him rove;
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is Love.

The work begun, is carry'd on,
By pow'r from heav'n above;
And ev'ry ſtep, from firſt to laſt,
Proclaims that God is Love.

And O that you, whoſe hard'ned hearts,
No fears of hell can move;
May hear the goſpel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is Love.

Thouſands, as vile and baſe as you,
Surround the throne above:
The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts
To ſing, that God is Love.

O may we all, while here below,
This beſt of bleſſings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall ſhout, that God is Love.

28. C. M. STEELE.

The Condeſcenſion of God.

ETERNAL Pow'r, Almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
Acceſsleſs light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heav'ns no longer ſhine;
And all the glories of the ſky
Are but the ſhade of thine.

Great God, and wilt thou condeſcend
To caſt a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
Theſe ſeats of ſin and woe?

But oh! to ſhew thy ſmiling face,
To bring thy glories near,—
Amazing and tranſporting grace,
To dwell with mortals here.

How ſtrange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

While golden harps, and angel-tongues
Reſound immortal lays;
Great God, permit our humble ſongs
To riſe, and mean thy praiſe.

29. 11. Geard T.

The Mercy of God.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my
The joy of my heart, and the boaſt of my to
Thy free grace alone, from the firſt to the laſ
Has won my affections, and bound my ſoul

Without thy ſweet mercy I could not live h
Sin ſoon would reduce me to utter deſpair;
But, thro' thy free goodneſs my ſpirits revive
And he that firſt made me, ſtill keeps me ali

Thy mercy is more than a match for my hea
Which wonders to feel its own hardneſs dep
Diſſolv'd by thy goodneſs, I fall to the groun
And weep to the praiſe of the mercy I found

The door of thy mercy ſtands open all day
To th' poor and the needy, who knock by the
No ſinner ſhall ever be empty ſent back,
Who comes ſeeking mercy for Jeſus's ſake.

Thy mercy in Jeſus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll ſing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jeſus my friend, when he hung on th
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great father of mercies, thy goodneſs I own,
And th' covenant love of thy crucify'd Son:
All praiſe to the Spirit, whoſe whiſper divin
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteouſneſs n

80. L. M. TUCKER.

Holineſs and Juſtice glorified in the diſplay of Grace and Mercy.

INFINITE grace! and can it be,
That heav'n's Supreme ſhould ſtoop ſo low!
To viſit one ſo vile as I—
One who has been his bitt'reſt foe!

Am I awake, or do I dream?
Is the tranſporting viſion true?
O'er guilt ſo great can mercy beam,
Yet juſtice have her honors due?

Can holineſs and wiſdom join
With truth, with juſtice, and with grace;
To make eternal bleſſings mine,
And ſin with all its guilt, eraſe?

O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vaſt ſtupendous plan!
Where all divine Perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

There wiſdom ſhines in fulleſt blaze,
And juſtice all her right maintains—
Aſtoniſh'd angels ſtoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

Yes, mercy reigns, and juſtice too,
In Chriſt they both harmonious meet;
He paid to juſtice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-ſeat.

Such are the wonders of our God;
And ſuch th' amazing depths of grace.

To ſave, from wrath's vindictive rod,
The choſen ſons of Adam's race.

With grateful ſongs, then, let our ſouls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the diſtant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

31. C. M. STENNETT.

Mercy and Truth met together.

WHEN firſt the God of boundleſs grace
Diſclos'd his kind deſign,
To reſcue our apoſtate race
From mis'ry, ſhame and ſin.

Quick, through the realms of light and bliſs,
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

Yet, 'midſt their joys they paus'd awhile,
And aſk'd with ſtrange ſurprize,
"But how can injur'd juſtice ſmile,
"Or look with pitying eyes?"

The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd,
"In me let mercy be rever'd,
"And juſtice ſatisfy'd.

"Behold! my vital blood I pour,
"A ſacrifice to God;
"Let angry juſtice now no more
"Demand the ſinner's blood."

He ſpake, and heav'n's high arches rung,
With ſhouts of loud applauſe;
" He dy'd" the friendly angels ſung,
Nor ceaſe their rapturous joys.

32. 8. New Haven T. DAVIS.

The Pardoning God.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchleſs, Godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More Godlike and unrival'd ſhine:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to ſpare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honor ſhare.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

Angels and men reſign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
Theſe glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

In wonder loſt, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon, for crimes of deepeſt dye,
A pardon ſeal'd with Jeſus' blood.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

O may this ſtrange this matchleſs grace,
This Godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praiſe,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

33. C. M. STEELE.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought ſurveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
And bid our ſouls adore.

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footſteps ſhine;
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe,
And ſpeak their ſource divine.

The living tribes, of countleſs forms,
In earth, and ſea, and air;
The meaneſt flies, the ſmalleſt worms
Almighty pow'r declare.

Thy wiſdom, pow'r, and goodneſs, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And, O! let man thy praiſe record;
Man, thy diſtinguiſh'd care!

From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame ſuſtains.

Yet nobler favors claim his praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd;
By revelation's brighteſt rays,
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

Thy providence, his conſtant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend;
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccors lend.

On us that providence has ſhone
With gentle ſmiling rays;
O, may our lips, and lives make known
Thy goodneſs and thy praiſe!

34. S. M.

God my Creator and Benefactor.

MY Maker, and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſov'reign bounty is the ſpring
From whence my bleſſings flow.

Thou ever good, and kind,
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than life can give.

Oh! what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas, how poor!

Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my paſſions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew
And fill it with thy love.—

O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine;
Let all my pow'rs to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

35. L. M. ROOKER's COL

Creation, and Redemption.

CREATION's works in all their fo
From rolling ſtars, to creeping w
In never ceaſing concord join
To ſing thy name, thy pow'r divine.

But when the dawn of heav'n we view
In ruin'd ſinners form'd anew,
When in the goſpel's brighter ſkies,
We ſee the Sun of glory riſe;

No more we ask the ſtars to tell
What Jeſus only could reveal;
In him *at once* our eyes behold
More than creation *ever* told.

36. L. M. HART.

Another

HOW wond'rous are the works of
Diſplay'd thro' all the world ab
Immenſely great! minutely ſmall!
Yet one vaſt work exceeds them all.

PROVIDENCE.

He form'd the ſun, fair fount of light;
The moon and ſtars to rule the night;
But night, and ſtars, and moon, and ſun,
Are little works compar'd with one.

He roll'd the ſeas, and ſpread the ſkies,
Made vallies ſink, and mountains riſe;
The meadows cloath'd with native green;
And bid the rivers glide between.

But what are ſeas, or ſkies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove?
The wonders of redeeming love!

'Tis far beyond what words expreſs,
What ſaints can feel, or angels gueſs:
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.

The higheſt heav'ns are ſhort of this;
'Tis deeper than the vaſt abyſs;
'Tis more than thought could e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

37. C. M. ADDISON.

Providence.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul,
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

PROVIDENCE.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
But oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

38. L. M. STEELE.

The Myſteries of Providence.

LORD, how myſterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our pra
Thy ſteps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours, to wonder and adore!

Thy deep decrees, from creature ſight,
Are hid in ſhades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds preſume to pry.

Great God, I would not aſk to ſee
What in futurity ſhall be;
If light and bliſs attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praiſe.

Is darkneſs and diſtreſs my ſhare?
Then let me truſt thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine,
At length through ev'ry cloud ſhall ſhine.

Yet this my ſoul deſires to know,
Be this my only wiſh below;
"That Chriſt is mine!"—This great requeſt
Grant, bounteous God,—and I am bleſt!

39. C. M. COWPER.

Another.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

42. C. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

Original and Actual Sin.

LORD, I would ſpread my ſore diſtre
And guilt before thine eyes:
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace,
How high my crimes ariſe!

Shou'dſt thou conſign my ſoul to hell,
And cruſh my fleſh to duſt;
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance w
And earth muſt own it juſt.

I from the ſtock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is ſhame,
And all my nature ſin.

Conceiv'd and ſhap'd in guilt I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter prey for death.

No works nor righteouſneſs of men
For ſin can e'er atone:
The death of Chriſt ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.

Then do not from my ſoul depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill my mouth with praiſe,

43. L. M. Watts's H.

The firſt and ſecond Adam.

DEEP in the duſt before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprung our nature and our ſhame.

Adam the *ſinner*: at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, ſeiz'd us all;
A thouſand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

But whilſt our ſpirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honors of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the *ſecond*, from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his ſeed the miſchief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his ſeed made righteous too.

Where ſin did reign and death abound,
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.

THE FALL, &c.

44. Helmſley T.

The Deluge.

LET us now in contemplation
Mark the havock ſin has made:
O! what dreadful deſolation
Doth the works of God invade;
Whilſt in ruins
All the world at once is laid!

O'er the higheſt hills prevailing,
See th' impetuous rains deſcend!
All the hopes of mortals failing
In deſpair and ruin end!
On what refuge
Shall preſumption now depend?

Yet, amidſt this ſcene diſtreſſing,
Thoſe that in the ark reſide,
Full ſecurity poſſeſſing,
Fearleſs view the ſwelling tide:
O how favor'd
They who in that ark abide!

Such is Chriſt to true believers:
He from the o'erwhelming flood
Of approaching wrath delivers,
By his own atoning blood:
In him only
Can we find a ſafe abode.

[*The Rainbow, ſee* 71.]

The SCRIPTURES.

45. C. M. WATTS'S H.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpſe of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief aſſuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almoſt in ev'ry page.

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wiſe,
Who makes that pearl his own.

Here conſecrated water flows
To quench my thirſt of ſin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the judge, that ends the ſtrife,
Where wit and reaſon fail;
My guide to everlaſting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

O! may thy counſels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forſake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

SCRIPTURE.

46. C. M. Steele.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For theſe celeſtial lines.

Here, may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taſte.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

O may theſe heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light!

Divine Inſtructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

47. L. M. WATTS's P.

God manifested in his Works and Word.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines:
But when our eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer lines.

The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And night and day thy pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and ſtars, convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run:
Till Chriſt has all the nations bleſt,
That ſee the light, or feel the ſun.

Great Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe!
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, and ſins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanſe our ſins, our ſouls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heav'n.

48. C. M. STENNET.

The Riches of God's Word.

LET Avarice from ſhore to ſhore
Her fav'rite God purſue;
Thy Word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love and joy
Are open to our ſight:
The pureſt gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

The counſels of redeeming grace
Theſe ſacred leaves unfold:
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

Here light deſcending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here promises of heav'nly love
Our ardent wiſhes meet.

Our num'rous griefs are here redreſt,
And all our wants ſupplied:
Naught we can aſk to make us bleſt,
Is in this book denied.

For theſe ineſtimable gains,
That ſo enrich the mind.
O may we ſearch with eager pains,
Aſſur'd that we ſhall find.

49. C. M. Watts, *altered.*

The Faithfulneſs of God in his Word.

O May my ſong for ever ſhew
The mercies of the Lord;
And may ſucceeding ages know,
How faithful is his word.

The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And, if he ſpeaks a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

How long the race of David held
The Iſraelitiſh throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.

His ſeed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to that glory riſe.

His promiſe he will ne'er revoke,
But keep his grace in mind;
And what Eternal Love hath ſpoke,
Eternal Truth ſhall bind.

Great God of hoſts, thy wond'rous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above:
And ſaints on earth their honors raiſe
To thy unchanging love.

LAW and GOSPEL.

50. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

THE law declares, and makes us know
What debt immenſe to God we owe;
But in the goſpel we may ſee,
How God hath ſet the debtor free.

The law diſcovers guilt and ſin;
And ſhews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the goſpel can expreſs
God's mercy, love and righteouſneſs.

What curſes does the law denounce
Againſt the man who ſins but once:
But in the goſpel Chriſt appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

The vileſt ſinner out of hell,
That can his caſe to Jeſus tell,
Shall find relief thro' his dear blood,
And pardon from a gracious God.—

My ſoul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life or comfort from the law:
All joy and peace the goſpel gives:
Happy the ſinner who believes.

51. L. M.

Another.

GO, you that reſt upon the Law,
And madly ſeek ſalvation there:
Look to the flames that Moſes ſaw!
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair.

But I'll retire beneath the Croſs;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie:
And the keen ſword that juſtice draws,
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

52. C. M. Watts's H.

Sinai and Sion.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempeſt, fire and ſmoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai ſpoke;

But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt,
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

Behold the bleſs'd aſſembly there,
Whoſe names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

The ſaints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make,
All join in Chriſt their living head,
And of his grace partake.

In ſuch ſociety as this
My weary ſoul would reſt:
The man that dwells where Jeſus is,
Muſt be for ever bleſt.

53. Sevens. NEWTON.

But ye are come unto Mount Zion, &c.

NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze;
But to Zion's throne of grace;
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

Not to hear the fiery law;
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well ſupply'd,
Jeſus open'd when he dy'd.

Lord, there are no ſtreams but thine,
Can aſſuage a thirſt like mine!
'Tis a thirſt thyſelf didſt give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

54. C. M. WATTS's H.

The Law is weak.

'TIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai giv'n,
And ſent to men by Moſes' hands,
Can bring a ſoul to heav'n:

'Tis not the blood that Aaron ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
That can remove a ſinner's guilt,
Or ſave his ſoul from hell.

Aaron the prieſt, reſigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the deſert yields to death
On the appointed hill.

And thus, on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Iſrael ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his head, and died,
Short of the promis'd land.

Iſrael, rejoice! for Joſhua leads;
He'll bring the tribes to reſt:
So far the Savior's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

55. C. M. HART, *altered.*

For as many as are of the Works of the Law, are under the Curſe.

HOW can ye hope deluded ſouls,
To ſee what none e'er ſaw—
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law?

It ſin reveals, it worketh wrath,
But can no mercy ſhow:
All breakers of this law are curs'd,
And that in juſtice too.

This curſe pertains to thoſe who break
One precept, e'er ſo ſmall:
And where's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all?

Fly then, awaken'd ſinners, fly,
Your caſe admits no ſtay;
The fountain's open'd now for ſin,
Come waſh your guilt away.

See how from Jeſus' wounded ſide,
The water flows and blood;

If you but touch that purple tide,
Your peace is made with God.

Only by faith in Jesus' wounds
The sinner finds release;
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

56. C. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

The Law condemns, Grace justifies.

WE ask no more the dreadful law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

'Tis from the *mercy* of our God,
That all our hopes begin:
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are cleans'd from sin.

'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

'Tis through th' atonement of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives *thy* righteousness,
Which makes the sinner just.

Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, juſtify'd by grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
And ſee our Father's face.

57. C. M. WATTS, *altered.*

The ceremonial Law, typical of Chriſt.

THE true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

No ſmoking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock ſlain,
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron muſt put his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When God himſelf comes down to be
The Off'ring and the Prieſt.

He took our mortal fleſh to ſhew
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.—

Lord, give us all a ſteady truſt
In thy all-gracious name,
Charm'd with the virtues of thy croſs,
We'd ſing thy matchleſs fame.

To him that waſh'd us in his blood
Be everlaſting praiſe,
Salvation, honor, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

58. Sevens. BRADFORD's Col.

The Goſpel.

THIS is goſpel; this alone:
All, who for redemption groan
All, who feel the weight of ſin,
All, who languiſh to be clean,
All, who ſee themſelves undone,
May take refuge in the Son;
And in him remiſſion have,
Who can to the utmoſt ſave.

59. C. M. GIBBONS.

Another.

JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom ſeraphim obey,
The boſom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay:

Down to our ſinful world he comes
The meſſenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires
A Victim in our place.

Tranſgreſſors of the deepeſt ſtain
In him ſalvation find;
His blood removes the fouleſt guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

Our Jeſus ſaves from ſin and hell,
His words are true and ſure,
And on this *rock* our faith may reſt
Immoveably ſecure.

O let theſe *tidings* be receiv'd
With univerſal joy,
And let the high angelic praiſe
Our tuneful pow'rs employ!

Glory to God, who gave his Son
To bear our ſhame and pain:
Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
In endleſs bleſſings reign.

60. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Power of the Goſpel.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here reſolves to ſhew
What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did *wiſdom* find
To heal diſeaſes of the mind:
This ſov'reign *balm*, whoſe virtues can
Reſtore the ruin'd creature, man.

The goſpel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afreſh,
And hearts of ſtone are turn'd to fleſh.

Where ſatan reign'd in ſhades of night,
The goſpel ſtrikes a heav'nly light;
Our luſts its wond'rous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry ſouls.

Lions and beaſts of ſavage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the vain world eſteems it ſtrange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.—

May but this grace our ſouls renew,
Let ſinners gaze and hate us too;
The *word*, that ſaves us, doth engage
A ſure defence from all their rage.

61. L. M. WATTS's S.

Another.

WHAT ſhall the dying ſinner do,
That ſeeks relief for all his woe?
Where ſhall the guilty conſcience find
Eaſe, for the torment of the mind?

How ſhall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
Can ſouls, all o'er defil'd with ſin,
Make their own pow'rs and paſſions clean

In vain we ſearch, in vain we try,
'Till Jeſus brings his goſpel nigh;
'Tis there that pow'r and glory dwell,
Which ſave rebellious ſouls from hell.

This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting ſpirits up,
We read the grace, we truſt the word,
And find ſalvation in the Lord.

Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treaſure ſhines;
Brought near the doctrine of the croſs,
All nature's gold appears but droſs.

Should vile blaſphemers with diſdain
Pronounce the truths of Jeſus vain,

We'll meet the ſcandal and the ſhame,
And ſing and triumph in his name.

62. C. M. B——.

Goſpel Times.

ALL hail! the bliſsful aera's come!
Let ſongs immortal riſe!
Salvation free ſalutes our ears,
And light divine our eyes.

The goſpel brings a ſov'reign balm
To ev'ry wounded ſoul;
Reſtores the dying man to life,
And makes the ſinner whole.

What kings and prophets wiſh'd to ſee;
And waited long to prove!
With ecſtaſy our ſouls embrace,
While we adore and love.

Behold the poor, the ſick, the blind,
Have riches, health and ſight!
Where mental darkneſs veil'd the mind,
Behold celeſtial light!

Now deſtitute and ſtarving ſouls,
Partake of angels' food,
The bread of life divinely free,
And ev'ry needful good.

While theſe glad tidings are reveal'd,
May ſinners hear and live;
Welcome the bleſſings, and with joy
To God the glory give!

DOCTRINES and BLESSINGS.

63. L. M. Watts's H.

Election.

JESUS, we bleſs thy father's name;
Thy God and our's are both the ſam
What heav'nly bleſſings from his throne
Flow down to ſinners, through his Son!

"Chriſt be my firſt elect," he ſaid;
Then choſe our ſouls in Chriſt our head;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin
To raiſe us up from death and ſin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameleſs in love, an holy ſeed."

Predeſtinated to be ſons,
Born by degrees but choſe at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praiſe the glory of his grace.

With Chriſt our Lord we ſhare our part
In the affections of his heart:
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his firſt belov'd.

64. L. M. B——m.

Predeſtination.

'TWAS fix'd in God's eternal mind,
When his dear ſons ſhould mercy fin

From everlaſting he decreed,
When ev'ry good ſhould be convey'd:

Determin'd was the manner how
We ſhould be brought the Lord to know;
Yea, he decreed the very place,
Where he would call us by his grace.

Alſo the means were fix'd upon,
Thro' which his ſov'reign love ſhould run;
So time, and place, yea, means, and mode,
Were all determin'd by our God.

Vaſt were the ſettlements of grace
On millions of the human race:
And ev'ry favor richly giv'n
Flows from the high decrees of heav'n.

In ev'ry mercy, full and free,
Th' appointing God I wiſh to ſee;
To ſee how grace, free-grace has reign'd
In ev'ry bleſſing he ordain'd.

Yes, deareſt Lord, 'tis my deſire,
Thy wiſe appointments to admire;
And trace the footſteps of my God,
Thro' ev'ry part of Zion's road.

65. L. M. TUCKER.

Election in, and Union with, Chriſt, the Source of every Bleſſing.

EXPAND, my ſoul, ariſe and ſing
The matchleſs grace of Zion's King;
Whoſe love, as ancient as his name,
Let all thy pow'rs aloud proclaim.

'Twas he, eternal ages paſt
Form'd his great plan from firſt to laſt:
And what his arm would e'er fulfil,
Stood ever preſent to his will.

He ſaw with one capacious glance,
World upon world to life advance;
And fix'd the end, e'er time began,
Of ſeraph, reptile, and of man.

Of *man*, chief work of all below,
What wonders are we led to know!
Wonders ſurpaſſing angels' ken
Are by our God reveal'd to men.

Grace, deep as the eternal mind,
Unutterable bliſs deſign'd
For man; e'er worlds, or ſin, were born,
Or angels ſang creation's morn.

Choſen of old, of old approv'd;
In Chriſt th' eternal Son belov'd;
Adopted too, and children made,
E'er ſin its baneful poiſon ſpread.

Though ſin and guilt infeſt them here,
In Chriſt they all complete appear;
For all that juſtice e'er demands,
Receiv'd full payment from his hands.

In him the Father never ſaw
The leaſt tranſgreſſion of his law:
Perfection, then, in him we view—
His ſaints, in him, are perfect too.

Then let our ſouls in humble praiſe,
To Jeſus laſting anthems raiſe;
And love eternal be our ſong,
As endleſs ages roll along.

66. Sevens. RYLAND.

Predeſtination; or, My times are in thy Hands.

SOV'REIGN Ruler of the ſkies,
Ever gracious, ever wiſe;
All my *times* are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

His decrees, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my firſt and ſecond birth:
Parents, native-place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

He that form'd me in the womb,
He ſhall guide me to the tomb:
All my times ſhall ever be
Order'd by his wiſe decree.

Times of ſickneſs, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth:
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

Times the tempter's pow'r to prove:
Times to taſte a Savior's love:
All muſt come, and laſt, and end,
As ſhall pleaſe my heavn'ly friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a ſingle ſhaft can hit,
Till the God of love ſees fit.

O thou gracious, wiſe, and juſt,
In thy hands my life I truſt:
Have I ſomewhat dearer ſtill?
I reſign it to thy will.

May I always own thy hand—
Still to the ſurrender ſtand:
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

Thee, at all times, may I bleſs;
Having thee, I all poſſeſs:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee.

67. 8. 7. WHITEFIELD's Col. *altered.*

Love Divine.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jeſus, thou art all compaſſion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart!

Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt!
Let us all in thee inherit
Peace, and joy, and holy reſt:
Take away the love of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our ſouls at liberty.

Come! Almighty to deliver
Let us life and pow'r receive!
Come, poſſeſs our hearts, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine hoſts above,
Bleſs and praiſe thee, without ceaſing,
Glory in thy precious love.

Carry on thy new creation,
Happy, holy may we be!
Let us ſee our whole ſalvation
Perfectly ſecur'd by thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place;
'Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe!

68. C. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

Unchangeable Love.

OUR God, how firm his promiſe ſtands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.

Then why, my ſoul, theſe ſad complaints,
Since Chriſt and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his Son.

Beneath his ſmiles my heart hath liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſs'd;
I thank him for the grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

Jeſus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my truſt:
He will not put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

Firm as his throne, his promiſe ſtands;
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the deciſive hour.

Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jeruſalem
Aſſign my ſoul a place.

69. S. M. DODDRIDGE, *altered.*

Grace.

GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

'Twas grace that wrote my name,
In God's eternal Book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my ſorrows took.

Grace taught my ſoul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

'Tis from abounding grace,
I daily draw ſupplies;
Grace is the never-ceaſing ſpring
Of all my ſwelling joys.

And when I meet my Lord,
And join the glorious throng,
Grace ſhall conſtrain my ſoul to ſing,
And grace ſhall be my ſong.

70. L. M. WATTS's P.

The Covenant of Grace: or, the true David.

FOR ever may my ſong record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever ſtand,
Like heav'n, eſtabliſh'd by his hand.

Thus to his Son he ſware and ſaid,
"With thee my cov'nant firſt was made;
"In thee ſhall dying ſinners live,
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

"Be thou my prophet, thou my prieſt;
"Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt;
"Thou art my choſen King: thy throne
"Shall ſtand eternal like my own.

"There's none of all my ſons above
"So much my image or my love;
"Celeſtial pow'rs thy ſubjects are;
"Then what can earth to thee compare?

"David my ſervant, whom I choſe
"To guard my flocks, to cruſh my foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewiſh throne,
"Was but a ſhadow of my Son."

Now let the Church rejoice and ſing,
Jeſus her Savior, and her King:
Angels his heav'nly wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

71. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Covenant unchangeable; or, the Rainbow round about the Throne.

SUPREME of Beings, with delight
Our eyes ſurvey yon heav'nly ſight;
And trace with admiration ſweet
The beaming ſplendors of thy feet.

Jaſper and ſapphire ſtrive in vain
To paint the glories of thy train;
Thy robes all ſtream eternal light,
Too pow'rful for a cherub's ſight.

Yet round thy throne the rainbow ſhines;
Fair emblem of thy kind deſigns;
Bright pledge, that ſpeaks thy cov'nant ſure
Long as thy kingdom ſhall endure.

No more ſhall deluges of woe
Thy new-created world o'erflow;
Jeſus, our Sun, his beams diſplays,
And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.

No gems ſo bright, no forms ſo fair;
Mercy and truth ſtill triumph there;
Thy ſaints ſhall bleſs the peaceful ſign,
When ſtars and ſuns forget to ſhine.

E'en here, while ſtorms and gloomy ſhade,
And horrors all the ſcene o'erſpread,
Faith views the throne with piercing eye,
And boaſts the rainbow ſtill is nigh.

72. C. M. TOPLADY's Col.

Converting Grace.

HAIL, mighty Jeſus; how divine
Is thy victorious ſword!
The ſtouteſt rebel muſt reſign,
At thy commanding word.

Deep are the wounds thy arrows give:
They pierce the hardeſt heart:
Thy ſmiles of grace the ſlain revive,
And joy ſucceeds the ſmart.

Still gird thy ſword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majeſtic ſway:
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

And when thy vict'ries are complete;
When all the choſen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To ſing thy conqu'ring grace;

O may my humble ſoul be found
Among that favor'd band!
And I with them, thy praiſe will ſound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

73. C. M.

The Atonement.

HOW is our nature marr'd by ſin!
Nor can it ever find
A way to make the conſcience clean,
Or heal the wounded mind.

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Savior's bounty taſte;
Behold a never-failing ſtore
For ev'ry willing gueſt.

Here ſhall your num'rous wants recei
A free, a full ſupply;
He has unmeaſur'd bliſs to give,
And joys that never die.

Can thoſe who hear the Savior's voic
Prefer earth's empty toys,
(Ah, wretched ſouls! ah, fatal choice
To everlaſting joys?

Lord, bring unwilling ſouls to thee,
With ſweet reſiſtleſs pow'r;
Thy boundleſs grace, let rebels ſee,
And at thy feet adore.

76. L. M. WATTS's M.

Redemption.

THE mighty frame of glorious grac
That brighteſt monument of pra
That e'er the God of Love deſign'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

Begin my ſoul, the heav'nly ſong,
A burden for an Angel's tongue:
When Gabriel ſounds theſe awful thir
He tunes and ſummons all his ſtrings.

Proclaim inimitable love,
Jeſus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off his robes of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

He that diſtributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans:
The Prince of life reſigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.

But ſee the wonders of his pow'r,
He triumphs in his dying hour,
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He daſh'd the riſing hopes of hell.

Thus were the hoſts of death ſubdu'd,
And ſin was drown'd in Jeſus' blood:
Then he aroſe, and reigns above,
And conquers ſinners by his love.

Who ſhall fulfil this boundleſs ſong?
The theme ſurmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp deſpairs!

77. Stevens. MADAN's Col.

Redeeming Love.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſus' name;
Ye, who Jeſus' kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who ſee the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to your Savior's breaſt;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

Tho', alas! ye long have been
Serving divers luſts and ſin,
Jeſus did the curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

We will therefore praiſe the Lord,
Bleſs his name with one accord;
Ye, who Jeſus' kindneſs prove,
Praiſe him for redeeming love.

78. C. M. HART.

Mercy.

MERCY is welcome news indeed,
To thoſe that guilty ſtand:
Wretches, who feel the help they need
Will bleſs the helping hand.

Who rightly would his alms diſpoſe,
Muſt give them to the poor:
None, but the wounded patient, know
The comforts of a cure.

We all have ſinn'd againſt our God;
Exception none can boaſt:
But he, that feels the heavieſt load,
Will prize forgiveneſs moſt.

No reck'ning can we rightly keep;
For who the ſum can know?
Some ſouls are fifty talents deep,
And ſome five hundred owe.

But, let our debts be what they may,
However great, or ſmall;
As ſoon as we have *nought* to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.

'Tis perfect poverty, alone,
That ſets the ſoul at large:
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full diſcharge.

79. L. M. GIBBONS and WATTS.

Forgiveneſs.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful ſound
To malefactors doom'd to die:
Publiſh the bliſs the world around;
Ye Seraphs, ſhout it from the ſky!

'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-meaſ'ring ev'ry crime;
Unclouded ſhall its glories ſhine,
And feel no change by changing time.

O'er ſins unnumber'd as the ſand,
And like the mountains for their ſize,
The ſeas of ſov'reign grace expand,
The ſeas of ſov'reign grace ariſe.—

Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love ſo infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy *forgiveneſs* is divine.

O could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

80. C. M. WATTS's H.

Pardon.

WHY does your face, ye humble ſouls,
Theſe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith,
And nouriſh your deſpair?

What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains riſe:

What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell.

See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Savior's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe:

It riſes high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither ſhore nor bound:
Now, if we ſearch to find our ſins,
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace,
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

81. C. M. WATTS's H.

Salvation.

SALVATION! oh, the joyful ſound!
'Tis muſic to our ears;
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay:
But we are rais'd by grace divine
To ſee the goſpel-day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around;
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

82. C. M. MIDDLETON's Col.

Salvation Finiſhed.

SALVATION thro' our dying Lord,
Is finiſh'd and complete!
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.

Salvation finiſh'd! charming ſound!
Let ſhouts of triumph riſe:
Free grace doth more than ſin abound,
And we ſhall reach the ſkies!

Salvation, to ſweet harps of gold,
Our rapt'ur'd ſouls ſhall ſing;
And ſtrike, while endleſs ages roll
The ever tuneful ſtring.

83. L. M. To LARD'S

Another.

'TIS Finish'd!—The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sin, but not his own!
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

Finish'd, the first transgression is,
And purg'd the guilt of actual sin;
And everlasting righteousness
Is brought, for all his people in.

Sin, death, and hell are now subdu'd,
All grace is now to sinners giv'n,
And lo, I plead th' atoning blood,
For pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

84. Helmsley T.

Free Salvation.

JESUS is our great salvation;
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has sav'd his fav'rite nation;
Join to sing aloud to him:
He has sav'd us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

When involv'd in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found;
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound:
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

Save us from a mere profeſſion,
  Save us from hypocriſy;
Give us, Lord, the ſweet poſſeſſion
  Of thy righteouſneſs and thee:
Beſt of favors,
  None compar'd with this can be.

Let us never, Lord, forget thee!
  Make us walk as pilgrims here:
May we give thee all the glory
  Of the love that brought us near:
Bid us praiſe thee,
  And rejoice with holy fear.

Free election, known by calling,
  Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling:
  All the glory, Lord, be thine,
All the glory,
  All the glory, Lord, is thine.

85. 8. *Altered by* MORTON.

No Condemnation, &c.

BELIEVERS, of mercy alone,
  Of covenant-mercy ſhould ſing;
Nor, fear with Chriſt's righteouſneſs on,
  Their perſons and off'rings to bring:
The threat'ning and wrath of a God
  With them can have nothing to do;
The Savior's obedience and blood
  Hide all their tranſgreſſions from view.

The work which his goodneſs began,
The arm of his ſtrength will complete;
His promiſe is *yea* and *amen*,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpoſe forego,
Or ſever the ſoul from his love.

Believer, thy name from his hands
Eternity will not eraſe;
Impreſt on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, ſaints to the end ſhall endure,
As ſure as the earneſt is giv'n;
More happy, but not more ſecure,
Are glorify'd ſpirits in heav'n.

86. L. M. B—M. *Altered.*

Adoption.

ALL the Lord's honor'd, choſen race
Adopted were by ſov'reign grace;
As view'd in Chriſt, they ever ſtood
The children of the living God.

The Lord eternally foreſaw,
That they would break his holy law,
And ſink in guilt, and deep diſgrace,
With all the train of Adam's race.

Yet as Jehovah fix'd his eyes
On the atoning ſacrifice;
He his dear ſons could never ſee,
But with a full complacency.

The Father's heart o'erflow'd with love,
And ſent down Jeſus from above;
Jeſus pour'd out his precious blood,
To bring the *children* home to God.

Under the ſway of mighty grace,
They ſee their heav'nly Father's face,
Smiling a great ſalvation down
On ev'ry dear returning ſon.

Lord, may we all our ſonſhip know,
As we by faith to Jeſus go:
And in believing may we prove
Our Father's rich adopting love.

87. C. M. NEWTON.

Adoption manifeſted.

ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill!
Our lives to Satan how enſlav'd,
How obſtinate our will!

And can ſuch ſinners be reſtor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd!
Can grace itſelf the means afford
To make a foe a child!

Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means,
Which ſhall effectual prove;
To cleanſe us from our countleſs ſins,
And teach our hearts to love.

Jeſus for ſinners undertakes,
And dy'd that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "forgive."

Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God;
Or we ſhall ſlight the Lord, who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.

The Holy Spirit muſt reveal
The Savior's work and worth;
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd and ſav'd by grace;
Rebels, in God's own houſe obtain
A ſon's and daughter's place.

88. Sevens. HUMPHREYS.

The Privileges of Adoption.

BLESSED are the ſons of God;
They are bought with Jeſus' blood;
They are ranſom'd from the grave;
Life eternal they ſhall have.

God did love them in his Son
Long before the world begun:
They the ſeal of this receive,
When on Jeſus they believe.

They are ſav'd alone by grace;
They enjoy a ſolid peace;
All their ſins are waſh'd away;
They ſhall ſtand in God's great day:

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heav'nly birth;
Born of God, they hate all ſin;
God's pure ſeed remains within:

They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:

Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures that can never cloy.

These alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God—joint-heirs with Christ:
With them numbered may we be
Here, and in eternity.

89. L. M. STRETTELL.

Acceptance in Christ alone.

HOW shall the Sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.—

Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sov'reign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, Great God, to thee.

90. C. M. Brown.

Another.

HOW ſhall I dare approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

Shall *altars* flame, and victims bleed,
And ſpicy fumes aſcend?
Will theſe my earneſt wiſh ſucceed,
And make my God, my Friend?

Should thouſand *rams* in flames expire,
Would theſe his favor buy?
Or *oil*, that ſhould for holy fire,
Ten thouſand ſtreams ſupply?

With trembling hands and bleeding heart
Should I my *offspring* ſlay;
Would this a cheerful hope impart,
Or purge my guilt away?

Ah! no, my ſoul, 'twere fruitleſs all,
Such *victims* bleed in vain;
No fatlings, from the field nor ſtall,
Such favor can obtain.

None, but a dying Savior's blood,
Can all thy guilt remove:
This plead, my ſoul, before thy God,
And ſing redeeming love.

91. L. M. STEELE.

Life and Safety in Christ alone.

THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
Thou art my life my joy my care;
Depart from thee—'tis death,—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

92. C. M. WATTS's H.

The Robe of Righteouſneſs.

AWAKE, my heart, ariſe my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked ſoul,
And made ſalvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces ſhine.

And leſt the ſhadow of a ſpot,
Should on my ſoul be found,
He took the robe the Savior wrought,
And caſt it all around.

How far the heavenly robe exceeds,
What earthly princes wear!
Theſe ornaments how bright they ſhine!
How white the garments are!

The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jeſus ſpent his life to work
The robe of righteouſneſs.

Strangely, my ſoul, art thou array'd
By the great ſacred Three!
In ſweeteſt harmony of praiſe
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

93. C. M. TOPLADY's Col.

Sanctification.

JESUS, my Life, thyſelf apply,
Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and ſin,
Thy work in me revive:
Poſſeſs my ſoul, and reign within,
And kill, and make alive.

More of thy life I wiſh to have,
And thirſt for freſh ſupplies:
Bury me, Savior, in thy grave,
That I with thee may riſe.

Rule in me, Lord; thy foes controul,
Which would not own thy ſway:
Diffuſe thy likeneſs through my ſoul,
Shine to the perfect day.

O ſave me from the pow'r of ſin,
And ſeal me thine abode;
Thine Image ſtamp, and make me ſhine
A temple meet for God.

My inward holineſs thou art,
Almighty to refine:
With all thy fulneſs fill my heart,
'Till all my heart is thine!

94. S. M. Morton's Col.

Perſeverance.

THO' earth and ſatan rage,
Chriſt doth their pow'r controul;
His wiſdom, love and truth engage
Protection for the ſoul.

Believers ne'er ſhall yield,
But ſhall prevail at length;
For Jeſus is their ſun and ſhield,
Their righteouſneſs, and ſtrength.

Their Captain and their King
Will put their foes to flight—
Ye ranſom'd, midſt the battle, ſing,
And triumph while you fight.

95. S. M. Watts's H.

Another.

TO God, the Only Wiſe,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

He will preſent his ſaints
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our redeeming God
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs;
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

96. C. M.

The Sheep of Chriſt, given by the Father and guarded by Omnipotence.

IN one harmonious cheerful ſong,
Ye happy ſaints combine;
Loud let it ſound from ev'ry tongue,
The Savior is divine.

The leaſt, the feebleſt of the ſheep
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And ſtrong his arm to ſave.

That Hand, which heav'n and earth ſuſtains
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his choſen well.

Now let th' infernal lion roar,
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's Power
We will begin to fear.

97. 8. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Security of Christ's Sheep.

MY ſoul with joy attend,
While Jeſus ſilence breaks;
No angel's harp ſuch muſic yields,
As what my ſhepherd ſpeaks.

"I know my ſheep," he cries,
"My ſoul approves them well:
"Vain is the treach'rous world's diſguiſe,
"And vain the rage of hell.

"I freely feed them now
"With tokens of my love,
"But richer paſtures I prepare,
"And ſweeter ſtreams above.

"Unnumber'd years of bliſs
"I to my ſheep will give;
"And, while my throne unſhaken ſtands,
"Shall all my choſen live.

"This tried Almighty *hand*
"Is rais'd for their defence:
"Where is the pow'r ſhall reach them there?
"Or what ſhall force them thence?"—

Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promiſe live;
Can on this promiſe die.

98. C. M. Morton's Col.

God on the ſide of his People.

E'RE Chaos into order mov'd,
Or Adam's faith was try'd,
The everlaſting cov'nant prov'd
God on his people's ſide.

With joy they recollect the day
The dear Redeemer dy'd;
For ſaints can view the ſcene, and ſay,
The Lord was on their ſide.

Stopp'd in a mad career of ſin,
For mercy they apply'd;
O what a change took place within!—
The Lord was on their ſide.

Let doubts and fears, their peace aſſail,
Let foes their hope deride;
Doubts, fears, and foes ſhall ne'er prevail—
The Lord is on their ſide.

When wealth, when health, when ſtrength withdraws,
In God may they confide;
And fear no evil then, becauſe
The Lord is on their ſide.

Soon Jeſus' beauties they ſhall view,
With all the glorified,
And find the ſacred record true,
"God's on his people's ſide."

99. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Glory and Grace in the Perſon of Chriſt.

NOW to the Lord a grateful ſong!
Awake, my ſoul, awake, my tongue:
Hoſannah to th' eternal name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

See where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt Image of his grace;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt works outdone.

The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labor of thy hands!
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes,
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
Exult, my ſoul, at Jeſus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

Oh that we all may reach the place,
Where he reveals his lovely face!
There all his beauties to behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold!

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

100. C. M. TOPLADY'S Col.

Sinners Invited.

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Draw near, with all your wants and wounds;
Your ev'ry burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds;
A deep celestial spring.

This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts:
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come then, and prove its virtues too;
And drink, adore, and bless.

101. L. M. WHITEFIELD'S Col.

Another.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh;
Salvation suits the sinner's case;

Mercy and free ſalvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel grace.

Nothing ye in exchange may give;
Leave all ye have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

For Sinners Jeſus deign'd to bleed,
And ſinners in his kingdom ſhare;
Who comes as ſuch, and feels his need,
Shall find a kind reception there.

102. S. M. WATTS's H.

Another.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
" Juſtice and Mercy are the names,
" Whereby I will be known:

" Ye dying ſouls, that ſit
" In darkneſs and diſtreſs,
" Look from the borders of the pit
" To my recov'ring grace."

Sinners ſhall hear the ſound;
Their thankful tongues ſhall own,
" Our righteouſneſs and ſtrength are found
" In thee, O Lord, alone."

In thee ſhall Iſr'el truſt,
And ſee their guilt forgiv'n:
God ſhall pronounce the ſinners juſt,
And take the ſaints to heav'n.

103. Sevens. Morton's Col.

Another.

CHRIST hath bleſſings to impart,
Grace to ſave thee from thy fears:
O the love that fills his heart!—
Sinner, wipe away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come?
Why afraid to tell thy caſe?
He will not pronounce thy doom;
Smiles are ſeated on his face.

Tho' his *majeſty* be great,
Yet his *mercy* is no leſs:
Tho' he thy tranſgreſſions hate,
Jeſus feels for thy diſtreſs.

Raiſe thy downcaſt eyes, and ſee,
Numbers do his throne ſurround;
Theſe were ſinners once, like thee,
But have full ſalvation found.

Yield not then to unbelief,
Courage ſoul! "there yet is room!"
Tho' of ſinners thou art chief,
Come, thou burden'd ſinner come.

104. C. M. Cennick.

Another.

COME, guilty ſouls, and flee away
To Chriſt, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jeſus ſaith he'll caſt out none,
That come to him by faith.

105. 8. 4. RAY'S Col.

Another.

HARK, hark! the goſpel-trumpet ſou
Thro' the wide earth the echo bound
Pardon and peace by Jeſus' blood,
Rebels are reconcil'd to God,
And led into the heav'nly road,
By grace divine!

Come ſinners hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuſe;
Mercy and juſtice here combine,
Goodneſs and truth harmonious join,
While boundleſs love in ev'ry line
Invites you near.

Ye ſaints in glory, ſtrike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the ſacred fire;
Let *both* the Savior's love proclaim,
And ſpread abroad his matchleſs fame;
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endleſs praiſe.

106. Helmſley T. HART.

Come and welcome to Jeſus Chriſt.

COME, ye ſinners, vile and wretche
Weak and wounded, ſick and poor

INVITATIONS.

Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r:—
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!

Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the *fitneſs* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's riſing beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Loſt and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jeſus came to call.

View him proſtrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is *finiſh'd*!"
Sinner, will not *this* ſuffice?

Lo, th' incarnate God aſcended
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly
Let no other truſt intrude;
None but Jeſus
Can do helpleſs Sinners good.

Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb;
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners *here* may ſing the ſame.

107. As the 148th. TOPLADY's Coll.

The Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of *jubilee* is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

Ye, who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above;
Shall have it back, unbought,
The *gift* of Jeſus' love;
The year of *jubilee* is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live;
The year of *jubilee* is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy ſouls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:

The year of *jubilee* is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

Jeſus our great High Prieſt
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary ſpirits, reſt;
Ye mournful ſouls, be glad!
The year of *jubilee* is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

108. L. M.

Wiſdom's Invitation, &c.

WISDOM divine lifts up her voice;
Sinners attend! ye ſaints rejoice!
Thus ſaith our condeſcending Lord:
(O! may we hear his gracious word)

"Riches and honor both are mine:
"I am the tree of life divine!
"My excellence can ne'er be told;
"My fruits are better far than gold!

"The fineſt gold cannot compare
"With riches, that my children ſhare:
"All bleſſings do in me abound
"For thoſe, who have true wiſdom found.

"Here peace and pardon richly flow!
"Here fruits immortal ever grow!
"Abundant mercy, plenteous grace,
"For ſinners of the fallen race!

"Here's blood to waſh away your ſin,
"And make the moſt polluted clean!
"Here is a robe by Jeſus wrought,
"And as a gift to ſinners brought!

When ghaſtly death appears in view,
Chriſt's preſence ſhall thy fears ſubdue;
He comes to ſet thy ſpirit free,
And as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

111. C. M. TOPLADY.

I have graven thee on the Palms of my Hand

REDEEMD offender, hail the day,
That ſees thy ſins forgiv'n:
Jeſus hath borne thy guilt away,
And pleads for thee in heav'n.

Imprinted on his hands thou art
In characters of blood;
The ſtream that iſſued from his heart
Shall waft thee ſafe to God.

For me vouchſaf'd th' unſpotted Lamb,
His Father's wrath to bear:
I ſee his feet, and read my name
Engraven deeply there.

My faith looks back and ſees him bleed;
A thorny crown he wears,
To ſet upon the ſinner's head
A ſhining crown of ſtars.

His righteouſneſs my robe ſhall be,
His bitter death my hope:
For my offence, upon the tree
My Lord was lifted up.

For me the Savior's blood avails,
Almighty to atone:

The hands he gave to piercing nails
Shall lead me to his throne.

112. C. M. TOPLADY.

I will never forsake thee.

COURAGE my soul; Jehovah speaks;
His promise is for thee:—
"I never will forsake nor leave
The soul betroth'd to me."

The chearing word, as heav'nly dew,
My thirsty soul drinks in:
Jesus commands me to rejoice,
Who bore away my sin.

My Savior's ever watchful eye,
Is over me for good:
What will he not on me bestow,
Who hath himself bestow'd?

Dear Lord, into thy faithful hands,
My welfare I commit;
And to thy righteousness alone,
For safety I retreat.

Sorrows and agonies and death,
Thou didst endure for me,
When all the sins of God's elect,
Were made to meet on thee.

Tho' worthy, in myself, of hell,
And everlasting shame;
I cannot dread the frown divine,
Accepted in the Lamb.

Exult my ſoul; thy ſafety ſtands
Unſhaken as his throne:
His people's everlaſting life
Is founded on his own.

113. L. M. HUMPHRY'S COL.

Pleading the Promiſe, &c.

O GOD of grace, of love immenſe,
How free thy favours to diſpenſe!
I to thy mercy-ſeat repair,
Since thou haſt ſaid, "I'll meet thee there

Thy promiſe is a firm decree,
'Tis made to ſinners vile as me:
Nor unbelief by hell employ'd,
Shall make thy promiſe null and void.

Thou ſeeſt my ſoul by ſin oppreſt,
O come, and give the weary reſt!
My baſe backſlidings kindly heal,
Apply the balm, thy love reveal!

O take away the heart of ſtone,
Thou know'ſt how oft it makes me groan;
Give me a heart of fleſh, my Lord,
Remember thine own ſacred word.

Should I go mourning to the grave,
'Twere juſt; yet Lord from darkneſs ſave
Doth not thy tender word expreſs,
"I will not leave you comfortleſs?"

Burſt through the clouds, O ſource of light
Let joy ſucceed the weeping night!
Thy beams ſhall make my deſart grow,
The fruit appear, the ſpices flow.

What thou hast promis'd I implore,
Supplies from thy exhauſtleſs ſtore:
O righteous Father, juſt and true,
Give me both grace and glory too.

THE INCARNATION, LIFE, SUFFERINGS, DEATH, RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

114. SEVENS TURNER.

HOLY wonder, heav'nly grace,
Come, inſpire our humble lays,
While the Savior's love we ſing,
Whence our hopes and comforts ſpring.

Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender boſom ſo,
That, when juſtice death demands,
Forth the great Deliv'rer ſtands;

Cries to God, "Thy mercy ſhew,
"Lo! I come thy will to do;
"I the ſacrifice will be,
"Death ſhall plunge his dart in me."

Tho' the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in pow'r,
See him in our fleſh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

He that heav'n itſelf poſſeſs'd,
Now an infant at the breaſt!
Angels from the world above,
See and ſing th' amazing love!

Thro' the ſhining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way;
Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witneſs oft his midnight pray'r.

Now the heav'nly Lover dies!
Darkneſs vails the mid-day ſkies!
Angels round the bloody tree,
Throng and gaze in ecſtacy!

Powers unſeen earth's boſom heave,
Rocks and tombs aſunder cleave;
While the Temple's rending vail
Tells the prieſt the awful tale.

But, the third day's dawning come,
Lo! the Savior leaves the tomb!
Reaſcends his native ſky,
Where he lives no more to die.

On his croſs he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,
Sends his Spirit down to give,
Dying ſinners grace to live.

115. L. M.—Watts's H.

Types and Prophecies of Chriſt.

BEHOLD the woman's promis'd Seed!
Behold the great Meſſiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperior room!

Abra'm, the ſaint, rejoic'd of old,
When viſions of the Lord he ſaw;
Moſes, the Man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

The types bore witneſs to his name,
Obtain'd their chief deſign, and ceas'd:
The incenſe, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the prieſt.

Predictions in abundance meet
To join their bleſſings on his head:
Jeſus, we worſhip at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd ſeed.

116. L. M.

The Harbinger of Chriſt.

A VOICE the lonely deſart chears,
Prepare the way, your God appears;
The cry reverberates around;
The vocal hills repeat the ſound.

Ye lofty cedars homage pay;
Ye floods be ſtill, ye rocks give way;
Ye mountains ſink, ye foreſts bend;
Ye angels ſee your God deſcend.

Let devils flee, let men adore;
Let tidings ſpread from ſhore to ſhore;
Jehovah, deigns on earth to dwell,
Amongſt the heirs of death and hell.

His matchleſs glories he conceals,
And but his boundleſs love reveals;
He wraps his God-head in our clay,
And comes to take our guilt away.

When he aſſumes a human form,
He meekly calls himſelf a worm;
Hark how his ſounding bowels roll!
Our griefs oppreſs his holy ſoul.

Sinners, your ſuff'ring Lord adore,
He ſweats, he bleeds thro' ev'ry pore;
The wond'rous ſcene of love admire,
And ſee him on the croſs expire.

With melting hearts, to him apply;
Believe, and you ſhall never die:
Your ſouls, your all to Jeſus give;
For he has bled that ye might live.

117. C. M. WATTS's P.

Behold he comes.

SING to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
His new diſcover'd grace demands
A new and noble ſong.

Say to the nations, Jeſus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His pow'r the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy thro' the earth be ſeen;
Let cities ſhine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unuſual joy ſurpriſe
The iſlands of the ſea:
Ye mountains, ſink, ye vallies riſe,
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold he comes! he comes to ble
The nations as their God;
To ſhew the world his righteouſne
And ſend his truth abroad.

But when his voice ſhall raiſe the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear!

118. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation of Chriſt.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the pleaſing lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auſpicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous ſong began,
And ſweet ſeraphic fire
Thro' all the ſhining legions ran,
And ſtrung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift thro' the vaſt expanſe it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the ſong, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

Down thro' the portals of the ſky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies ſhout,
And glory leads the ſong:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat
Glory to God on high;
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jeſus was born to die.

Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life ſhould fail,
Thy praiſe ſhall never end.

119. C. M. WATTS's H.

The Song of Simeon.

LORD, at thy Temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Savior here;
O make our joys the ſame!

With what divine, and vaſt delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When, fondly in his wither'd arms,
He claſp'd the holy Child!

"Now I can leave this world, he cry'd;
"Behold thy ſervant dies!
"I've ſeen thy great Salvation, Lord,
"And cloſe my peaceful eyes."

Jeſus! the viſion of thy Face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce ſhall we feel death's cold embrace,
If Chriſt be in our arms.

120. S. M. TAYLOR's Col.

He took not on him the Nature of Angels; but he took on him the Seed of Abraham.

NOW let the ſaints declare
The praiſes of their King:
Bound by ten thouſand ties they are,
His wond'rous love to ſing.

Not angels round the throne,
Of majeſty above,
Are half ſo much oblig'd, as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

They never ſunk ſo low;
They are not rais'd ſo high:
They never knew ſuch depths of woe,
Such heights of majeſty!

Leſs favor'd were the pow'rs,
Who in his Image ſtood:
Their crowns are cheaper far than our's,
Nor coſt the Lamb his blood.

The Savior did not join
Their nature to his own:
For them he felt no pangs divine,
Nor breath'd a ſingle groan.

May we with Angels vie,
The Savior to adore:
Our debts are greater far than theirs;
O be our payments more!

121. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Deity and Humanity of Chriſt.

ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

By his own pow'r all things were made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

Ere ſin was born, or ſatan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms;
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his Eyes the Godhead ſhone!

Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The love of our deſcending God,
The glories of Immanuel!

122. L. M. WATTS's H.

Chriſt's Miracles.

BEHOLD, the blind their ſight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb ſpeak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bleſs his name.

Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,
And ſeal the miſſion of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cauſe,
While he hangs bleeding on the croſs.

He dies; the heav'ns in mourning ſtood:
He riſes; and appears a God:
Behold the Lord aſcending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to thoſe hands my ſoul reſign,
Which bear credentials ſo divine.

123. C. M. WATTS's H.

Hoſanna to Chriſt,

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his perſon one,
Myſterious and divine.

The root of David, here we find,
And off-ſpring, are the ſame:
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

Bleſt he that comes to wretched man,
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hoſannas, of the higheſt ſtrain,
To Chriſt the Lord be giv'n.

Should we, dear Lord, refuſe to take
Th' hoſanna on our tongues,
The rocks and ſtones would riſe and break
Their ſilence into ſongs.

124. C. M.

Another.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
All-hail, Incarnate Love!
Ten thouſand thouſand glories wait
To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathleſs fame,
Thro' the wide world ſhall run;
And everlaſting ages ſing
The triumphs thou haſt won.

In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King;
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.

125. C. M.

Another.

HOSANNA to the Prince of gra
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

Hoſanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his Name,

126. L. M.

Another.

HOSANNA to king David's Son
Who reigns on a ſuperior thro
We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

127. C. M. SWAIN.

The Love of Chriſt.

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye Saints, to praiſe his name!—
Whoſe truth and kindneſs are divine,
Whoſe love's a conſtant flame.

When moſt we need his helping hand,
This friend is always near;
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to anſwer pray'r.

His love no end or meaſure knows,
No change can turn its courſe;
Immutably the ſame it flows
From one eternal ſource.

When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds ſurround his throne,
He hides the purpoſe of his grace,
To make it better known.

And, if our deareſt comforts fall
Before his ſov'reign will,
He never takes away our *all*,—
Himſelf he gives us ſtill!

Our ſorrows in the ſcale he weighs,
And meaſures out our pains;
The wildeſt ſtorm his word obeys,
His word its rage reſtrains!

128. L. M.

The Immutability of Chriſt.

WITH tranſport, Lord, our ſouls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name:
Aſſembled round our Savior's throne,
We make his ceaſeleſs glories known.

High, on his Father's royal ſeat,
Our Jeſus ſhone divinely great,
E'er Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler ſpirit form'd.

Through all ſucceeding ages he
The ſame hath been, the ſame ſhall be:
Immortal radiance crowns his head,
While ſtars and ſuns wax old and fade.

The ſame his power his ſaints to guard,
The ſame his bounty to reward;*
The ſame his faithfulneſs and love,
To ſaints on earth, and ſaints above.

Let nature change and ſink and die;
Jeſus ſhall raiſe his choſen high;
And fix them near his ſtable throne
In glory changeleſs as his own.

129. C. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

Chriſt's Obedience.

FATHER, we ſing thy wond'rous grace,
We bleſs our Savior's name;
He brought ſalvation for the poor;
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.

* *Reward of grace, not of debt.*

His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy will.

Through his obedience ſo complete,
Peace is to ſinners giv'n;
Mercy and truth together met,
When he came down from heav'n.

This ſhall thy humble foll'wers ſee,
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live for ever bleſt.

Grief, like a garment, cloath'd him round,
And ſackcloth was his dreſs,
While he wrought out for naked ſouls
A robe of righteouſneſs.

May our incarnate God and King
Our ſweeteſt thoughts employ!
And we his endleſs praiſes ſing
In palaces of joy!

130. Sevens. HART.

Gethſemane.

JESUS, whilſt he dwelt below,
As divine hiſtorians ſay,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay:
In this place he lov'd to be,
And 'twas nam'd Gethſemane.

Thither, by their Maſter brought,
His diſciples likewiſe came;
There the heav'nly truth he taught,
Often ſet their hearts on flame;
Therefore they, as well as he,
Viſited Gethſemane.

Full of love to man's loſt race,
On his conflict much he thought,
This he knew the deſtin'd place,
And he lov'd the ſacred ſpot;
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in Gethſemane.

Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod,
Stood and with collected might
Bruis'd the harmleſs Lamb of God.
See, my ſoul, thy Savior ſee,
Grov'ling in Gethſemane.

Oh, what wonders love has done!
But how little underſtood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that *ſweat* of *blood*.
Who can thy deep wonders ſee
Wonderful Gethſemane.

There my God bore all my guilt;
This thro' grace can be believ'd;
But the horrors which he felt,
Are too vaſt to be conceiv'd.
None can penetrate thro' thee,
Doleful, dark Gethſemane!

Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Savior more can need.
Deeds of righteouſneſs I've none:
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpſe of hope for me;
Only in Gethſemane.

131. L. M. WATTS's P.

The Sufferings of Chriſt.

NOW let our mournful ſongs record
The dying ſorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forſaken of his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhook their heads, and laugh'd in ſcorn;
"He reſcu'd others from the grave,
"Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

"This is the man who did pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

Barbarous people! cruel prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
'Till ſtreams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

But God his Father, heard his cry :
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high ;
The nations learn his righteouſneſs,
And humble ſinners taſte his grace.

132. C. M. SWAIN.

The Patience of Chriſt.

CHRIST knows the heights of heav'nly bliſs,
The depths of earthly woe ;
Acquainted well our Jeſus is
With all the griefs we know.

Thrice, holy Lord ! in heav'n they cry,
When Jeſus' praiſe they ſing ;
On earth they ſhouted—" Crucify !"
And mock'd the lowly King.

Alike unmov'd, he bends to wear
Heav'n's praiſes as his crown ;
Unmov'd alike, he ſtands to bear
On earth his creatures' frown !

Meek as a lamb beneath the knife
Of butch'ring hands he lay ;
And patiently reſign'd the life,
They could not take away.

Why, O ye ſaints, ye ſinners, why
Did Jeſus ſuffer thus ?
In heav'n they ſhout—on earth they cry—
" Jeſus was ſlain for us !"

133. C. M. STENNETT.

The Thief converted.

AS on the croſs the Savior hung,
And pray'd, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd ſalvation on a wretch
That languiſh'd at his ſide.

His crimes, with inward grief and ſhame
The penitent confeſs'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Chriſt,
And thus his pray'r addreſs'd:

"Jeſus, thou Son and Heir of heav'n,
"Thou ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
"I ſee thee bath'd in ſweat and tears,
"And welt'ring in thy blood.

"Yet quickly from theſe ſcenes of woe
"In triumph thou ſhalt riſe,
"Burſt thro' the gloomy ſhades of death,
"And ſhine above the ſkies.

"Amid the glory of that world,
"Dear Savior think on me;
"And in the vict'ries of thy death
"Let me a ſharer be."

His pray'r the dying Jeſus hears,
And inſtantly replies,
"To-day thy parting ſoul ſhall be
"With me in paradiſe."

134. L. M. STEELE.

A dying Savior.

STRETCH'D on the cross the Savior dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

But life attends the dreadful wound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Savior, why?

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his shining ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

Can I survey this scene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow!
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

Come, dearest Lord, thy pow'r impart,
To warm this cold this stupid heart;
'Till all its pow'rs, and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

135. Chatham T.

It is finished.

'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said;
Then meekly bow'd his dying head,
Releas'd from all his pain;
Oh how important is the word!
It shews the conquest of our Lord
Complete for helpless man.

Finish'd—the righteousness of grace;
Finish'd—the work which brought us peace;
The sinner's debt is paid;
Th' accusing law cancell'd by blood;
The wrath of an offended God
Is in oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law cannot the saint condemn;
Faith a release can shew;
Justice itself his friend appears;
The prison-house a whisper hears—
"Loose him, and let him go."

O unbelief, injurious bar,
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
'Tis *finish'd*—still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.

136. C. M. Watts's H.

Another.

I SING my Savior's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;

"'Tis finish'd," ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

"'Tis finiſh'd," our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done:
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe,
His kingdom is begun.

His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He paſs'd to reach the crown.

Exalted at his Father's ſide
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The veng'ance or reward.*

The ſaints from his propitious eye
Await their ſev'ral crowns,
And all the ſons of darkneſs fly
The terror of his frowns.

137. C. M. STENNET, *altered.*

The Attraction of the Croſs.

YONDER—amazing ſight!—I ſee
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accurſed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimſon tide puts out the ſun;
His groans awake the dead.

* *Reward of grace, not of debt.*

The trembling earth, the darken'd ſky
  Proclaim the truth aloud!
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,
  "*This* is the Son of God."

So great, ſo vaſt a ſacrifice
  May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
  The ſinner ſure muſt live.

O that theſe cords of love divine,
  Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
O take my heart, may it be thine—
  Thine may it ever be.

138. L. M. Lambeth T.

Myſtery of the Croſs.

HOW willing was Jeſus to die,
  That poor wretched ſinners might live!
The life, they could not take away,
  How ready was Jeſus to give!

They pierced his hands and his feet;
  His hands and his feet he reſign'd;
The pangs of his body were great,
  But greater the pangs of his mind.

That wrath would have kindl'd a hell
  Of never abating deſpair
In millions of creatures, which fell
  On Jeſus, and ſpent itſelf there.

Divinity burſt in a blaze
  Of vengeance on Jeſus our Head:
Divinity's in-dwelling rays
  Suſtain'd him, till nature was dead.

Divinity back to his frame,
The life he had yielded reſtor'd,
And Jeſus, entomb'd, was the ſame
With Jeſus in glory ador'd.—

No nearer we venture than this,
To gaze on a deep ſo profound;
But tread, (while we taſte of the bliſs,)
With rev'rence the hallowed ground.

129. L. M. STEELE.

Chriſt dying and riſing.

COME tune, ye ſaints, your nobleſt ſtrains,
Your dying, riſing Lord to ſing;
And echo to the heav'nly plains,
The triumphs of your Savior King.

In ſongs of grateful rapture tell
How he ſubdu'd your potent foes:
Subdu'd the pow'rs of earth and hell,
And, dying, finiſh'd all your woes.

Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd, while hymning angels round,
Thro' the bright arches of the ſky,
The God, the conqu'ring God, reſound.

Almighty love, victorious pow'r!
Not angel-tongues can e'er diſplay
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illuſtrious day.

Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raiſe;
Yet Jeſus hears the humble ſtrain,
And kindly owns our with to praiſe.

Dear Savior, let thy wond'rous grace
Fill ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
'Till the full glories of thy face
Inſpire a ſweeter, nobler ſong.

140. 8. WATTS's L.

Chriſt Dying, Riſing, and Reigning.

HE dies! the Friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him, who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus from death revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
Up to his father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

Break off your fears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter, death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter, "Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave?"

141. L. M. HART, *altered.*

The Resurrection of Christ.

UPRISING from the darkſome tomb,
See the victorious Jeſus come!
The great Redeemer quits the priſ'n,
And angels tell, "The Lord is ris'n."

Ye mourning ſaints, no longer grieve;
Hear the glad tidings, and believe:
God's holy law is ſatisfy'd,
And Juſtice, now, is on your ſide.

In guilt's dark dungeon when ye lay,
Mercy cry'd "Spare," and juſtice "Slay;"
But Jeſus anſwer'd, "Set them free,
"And pardon *them*, and puniſh *me*."

Your Surety, now, before your God,
Pleads the rich ranſom of his blood;
No new demands, no bar remains,
But mercy, all triumphant, reigns.

Believers, bleſs your riſen Head,
The Firſt-Begotten of the dead;
Your reſurrection's ſure through his,
To endleſs life, and boundleſs bliſs.

142. L. M. PEACOCK.

The Riſen Savior.

BLEST angels aid us with your ſong,
To whom ſublimer notes belong;
Your golden harps, and voices join,
To ſing Immanuel's love divine.

Lo, he who on the croſs was ſlain,
Enthron'd in glory lives again!
At once he burſts death's fatal bands,
In vain the pow'r of hell withſtands.

With ſongs of joy addreſs his name,
His vict'ries and his love proclaim;
Sing, how he conquer'd when he fell;
And vanquiſh'd ſin, and death, and hell.

We in his vict'ries ſhall partake;
He gain'd thoſe triumphs for our ſake,
Immortal praiſes to the Lamb,
Who death, by his own death o'ercame.

Saints, ſhout with joy your riſen Lord;
And ſpread his boundleſs love abroad.
Let ev'ry heart the Savior bleſs,
And ev'ry tongue his name confeſs.

143. Sevens. EVANS's Col.

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

'Tis the Savior, angels, raiſe
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe;
Let the earth's remoteſt bound
Hear the joy-inſpiring ſound.

Now, ye ſaints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory ſee him riſe,
In long triumph thro' the ſky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heav'n diſplays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

Praiſe him all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praiſe, and ſweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the ſtrains be ſweet and ſtrong.

Ev'ry note with wonder ſwell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal ſting?
Hallelujah.

144. Sevens. HART.

Another.

CHRIST is riſen from the dead!
Riſen as his Church's Head:
He who did for ſin atone,
Now is ſeated on his throne.

Heav'n its King congratulates,
Opens wide its golden gates:
Angels ſongs of triumph ſing:
All the bliſsful regions ring.

"Hail, thou dear almighty Lord!
"Hail, thou great Incarnate Word!
"Thou alone the wine-preſs trod;
"Hail, triumphant Son of God!"

145. C. M. WATTS's H.

Another.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloath'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Savior reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

146. L. M. Medley.

Chriſt Lives no more to Die.

HE lives, he lives, no more to die!
He lives, the Lord, enthron'd on high!
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave!
He lives, eternally to ſave!

He lives, to ſtill his people's fears!
He lives, to wipe away their tears!
He lives, to calm their troubl'd heart!
He lives, all bleſſings to impart!

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, unchangeably the ſame!
He lives, their manſions to prepare!
He lives, to bring them ſafely there!

147. L. M. WESLEY's Col. *altered.*

Chriſt's Aſcenſion.

THE Lord is riſen from the dead;
The Savior is gone up on high:
The hoſts of hell are captive led;
His foes beneath his footſtool lie.

The mighty King, in ſolemn ſtate,
Aſcends towards the realms of day:
"Lift up your head, each heav'nly gate!
"Ye everlaſting doors, give way!

"Unfold, ye gates, the ſcenes of light,
"To him who ſlew the monſter Sin;
"He claims thoſe manſions as his right;
"Receive the King of glory in."

"Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
"Who ſin, and death, and hell o'erthrew,
"And Jeſus is the conqu'ror's name."

The mighty King, in ſolemn ſtate,
Aſcends towards the realms of day:
"Lift up your head, each heav'nly gate!
"Ye everlaſting doors, give way!"

"Who is this King of glory, who?
"Jeſus of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſt;
"The King of ſaints and angels too,
"God over all, for ever bleſt."

148. S. M. WATTS's H.

The Paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your nobleſt muſic bring,
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God,
And Chriſt the Man, we ſing.

Tell how he took our fleſh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood
That helliſh monſters ſpilt.

Alas! the cruel ſpear
Went deep into his ſide,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.

The waves of ſwelling grief
Did o'er his boſom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his ſoul.

Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
To bless his saints and angels eyes
Thro' everlasting days.

149. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb;
Since all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn:
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown, without a thorn.

Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our ſins, and curſe, and pain:
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, Amen!

150. C. M. Hill's Col.

Jeſus ſeen of Angels.

BEYOND the glitt'ring ſtarry ſkies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundleſs worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels ſtrong and fair,
In countleſs armies ſhine;
At his right hand with golden harps
They offer ſongs divine.

"Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
"Whoſe unexampled love
"Mov'd thee to quit theſe glorious realms,
"And royalties above!"

Through all his travels here below,
They did his ſteps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at laſt
The ſcene of love would end.

They ſaw his heart tranſfix'd with wounds,
His crimſon ſweat and gore:
They ſaw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd
"The glorious work is done."

151. C. M. WATTS's P.

Chriſt's Kingdom and Prieſthood.

JESUS, our Lord, aſcend thy throne,
And near thy Father ſit:
In Zion ſhall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes ſubmit.

What wonders ſhall thy goſpel do!
Thy converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous drops of morning-dew,
And own thy ſov'reign grace.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
"When Aaron's is no more.

"Melchiſedek, that wond'rous prieſt,
"That King of high degree,
"That holy man who Abra'm bleſt,
"Was but a type of thee."

Jeſus our Prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jeſus our King for ever gives
The bleſſings of his love.

God ſhall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

152. 8. COUGHLAIN's Col.

The unſearchable Riches of Chriſt.

HOW ſhall I my Savior ſet forth?
How ſhall I his beauties declare?
O how ſhall I ſpeak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are!
His angels can never expreſs,
Nor ſaints who ſit neareſt his throne,
How rich are his treaſures of grace;—
No! this is a myſt'ry unknown.

In him all the fulneſs of God,
For ever tranſcendently ſhines;
The Father's Anointed he ſtood
To finiſh his gracious deſigns:
Tho' once he was nail'd to the croſs,
Vile rebels like me to ſet free,
His glory ſuſtained no loſs,
Eternal his kingdom ſhall be.

His wiſdom, his love, and his pow'r,
Seem'd then with each other to vie,
When ſinners he ſtoop'd to reſtore,
Poor ſinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aſide,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay:
Poor ſinners he lov'd till he dy'd,
To waſh their pollutions away.

O ſinners, believe and adore
This Savior ſo rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treaſures of goodneſs in him.

Come, all ye who ſee yourſelves loſt
And feel yourſelves burden'd with ſin,
Draw near while with terror you're toſs'd,
Believe, and your peace ſhall begin.

153. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Keys of the unſeen World in Chriſt's Hand.

HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The ſpacious world unſeen is his,
And ſov'reign pow'r becomes him well.

In ſhame and torment once he dy'd;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye ſaints, around his ſeat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To cruſh thy foes, and guard thy friends;
While all thy choſen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wiſdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

When death thy ſervants ſhall invade,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Controul'd by thee, their rage ſhall help
The cauſe they labour'd to deſtroy.

For ever reign, victorious King:
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing ſoul to ſing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

154. L. M.

The Interceſſion of Chriſt.

JESUS has ſhed his vital blood,
To bring my wand'ring ſoul to God;
And ſtill to manifeſt his love,
He lives, and pleads for me above.

"Father, I will," the Savior cries,
"That this poor ſoul at length may riſe
"From all the depths of ſin and woe,
"The riches of my grace to know.

"Now let his ſins be all forgiv'n,
"And guide him in the path to heav'n;
"I have redeem'd his ſoul from hell,
"With me he ſhall for ever dwell.

"To ſave his life, thy Son was ſlain,
"He is the purchaſe of my pain;
"I claim my right, and urge my plea,
"That he may reign in bliſs with me.

"He ſhall behold me face to face,
"And dwell in this celeſtial place,
"Far from the reach of foes, and fears;
"My love ſhall wipe away his tears.

"His pains and toils ſhall have an end;
"His happy ſoul to God aſcend;
"Soon he ſhall reach the peaceful ſhore,
"Where ſin ſhall wound his heart no more.

"Father, I will, that he ſhould prove,
"The wonders of redeeming love;
"That he may all my glories ſee,
"And ſit upon thy throne with me."

155. C. M. WATTS, *altered.*

The Glory of Chriſt in Heaven.

OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

Sweet majeſty and awful love
Sit ſmiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble diſtance bow.

Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright ſceptres down;
Dominions, thrones and pow'rs rejoice
To ſee him wear the crown.

Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And lay their higheſt honors down
Submiſſive at his feet.

Thoſe ſoft, thoſe bleſſed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore.

His head, the dear majeſtic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

This is th' eternal Son of God,
Whom we, unſeen, adore:
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

OFFICES AND CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

156. C. M. TOPLADY.

Chriſt our Advocate.

AWAKE ſweet gratitude, and ſing
Th' aſcended Savior's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cauſe above.

With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble ſuit below;
But with authority he aſks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breaſt,
And ſpreads his wounded hands.

His ſweet atoning ſacrifice
Gives ſanction to his claim:
"Father, I will that all my ſaints
"Be with me where I am:

"By their ſalvation recompence
"The ſorrows I endur'd;
"Juſt to the merits of thy Son,
"And faithful to thy word."

Eternal life, at his requeſt,
To ev'ry ſaint is giv'n:
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heav'n.

Founded on right, thy pray'r avails,
The Father ſmiles on thee;
And now thou in thy kingdom art
Dear Lord, remember me.

[*Chriſt the ſecond Adam*, *ſee* 43.]

157. L. M. S.

The Balm of Gilead, &c.

WHY droops my ſoul with grief oppreſ
Whence theſe wild tumults in my br
Is there no balm to heal my wound,
No kind Phyſician to be found?

Raiſe to the croſs thy tearful eyes;
Behold the Prince of Glory dies!
He dies, extended on the tree,
Thence sheds a ſov'reign balm for me.

Dear Savior, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die:
But grace forbids that painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here.

Thou wilt extract the poiſon'd dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.

Now give a looſe, my ſoul, to joy,
Hoſannas be thy bleſt employ;
Salvation thy eternal theme,
And ſwell the ſong with Jeſus' name.

158. C. M. Watts's H.

The Brazen Serpent.

BEHOLD the hebrew Prophet raiſe
The brazen Serpent high!
The wounded feel immediate eaſe,
The camp forbears to die.

"Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Chriſt performs a nobler cure,
When *faith* lifts up her eyes.

High on the croſs the Savior hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

159. L. M. Watts's H.

Chriſt my Beloved.

YES, my Beloved to my ſight
Shews a ſweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and ſhine.

White is his ſoul, from blemiſh free;
Red, with the blood he ſhed for me;
The faireſt of ten thouſand fairs;
A ſun amongſt ten thouſand ſtars.

CHARACTERS

His head the fineſt gold excels:
There wiſdom in perfection dwells:
And glory like a crown adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.

Compaſſions in his heart are found,
Hard by the ſignals of his wound:
His ſacred ſide no more ſhall bear
The cruel ſcourge, the piercing ſpear.

His hands are fairer to behold,
Than di'monds ſet in rings of gold:
Thoſe heav'nly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with ſins and agonies;
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars ſtand.

His eyes are majeſty and love,
The Eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more ſhall trickling ſorrows roll
Thro' thoſe dear windows of his ſoul.

His mouth that pour'd out long complaints;
Now ſmiles, and cheers its fainting ſaints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon, with all its trees.

Completely glorious is my Lord;
By all the hoſts of heav'n ador'd:
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love him too!

160. C. M. WATTS's H.

Chriſt the Bread of Life.

LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our ſouls has fed;
Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

The manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at laſt,
Who eat that heav'nly bread;
But theſe proviſions which we taſte
Can raiſe us from the dead.

Bleſs'd be the Lord, that gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men;
And often ſpreads his table freſh,
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

Our ſouls ſhall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jeſus finds ſupplies:
Nor ſhall our graces ſink to death,
For Jeſus never dies.

Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
But Chriſt our life ſhall come;
His unreſiſted power ſhall raiſe
Our bodies from the tomb.

[*Bridegroom, ſee* 333.]

161. C. M. MORTON.

Chriſt the Captain of his People.

FOES full of might and malice ſtan
To each believer's view;
Lord, take thy conqu'ring ſword in ha
Go forward, and ſubdue.

And as the fight will day by day
With vigor be renew'd,
Lord, drive thy people's foes away,
And keep their fears ſubdu'd.

And when the war is o'er they'll ſing
The conqueſt of thy ſword;
And make the arch of heaven ring
With "Vict'ry to the Lord."

162. C. M. PEACOCK, *altered.*

Chriſt coming from Edom, &c.

BEHOLD the mighty Savior comes
From Edom's hoſtile plains!
A crimſon veſture he aſſumes;
And blood his raiment ſtains.

From Bozrah, glorious he appears:
His robes with vict'ry ſhine:
Complete ſalvation, lo he wears,
With majeſty divine!

Why thus array'd almighty God,
In veſts of purple glow;
With garments dy'd in ſtreams of bloo
That from the wine-preſs flow?

" The wine-preſs I myſelf have trod;
" And with me there was none:
" All ſtrength, and all ſalvation ſtood
" Complete in me alone."

When none around the throne could bear
The veng'ance of a God;
Then did the Son of Man appear
In garments dipt in blood.—

Alone he ſtood, alone he fell,
Alone the Conqu'ror roſe,
Alone he burſt the bars of hell,
And trampled on his foes.

163. C. M.

Chriſt the ſure Foundation.

CHRIST is the ſure Foundation-Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe.

Choſen of God, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore his name;
They reſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame.

The ſcribe, the phariſee, and prieſt,
Reject him with diſdain;
Yet on this Rock the church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain.

What tho' the gates of hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this building riſe;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

164. L. M. MEDLEY, *altered.*

Chriſt the Foundation—The Rock, &c.

ALL ye to whom the Savior's dear,
In ſongs of love and praiſe draw near;
Let ev'ry cheerful paſſion wake,
While on your tongues his name you take.

On him, alone, his church is built,
He, only he, removes our guilt;
To him alone, our praiſe we bring,
And him the great Foundation ſing.

In him ſalvation ſtands ſecure;
This ſtrong foundation muſt endure;
Stronger than death his love is known,
Nor can his church be overthrown.

In the eternal plan of grace
He undertook our wretched caſe,
Love, how amazing, how divine,
Doth thro' the whole tranſaction ſhine!

He is the rock believers have,
Born to redeem and ſtrong to ſave;
He ſtoop'd to take our fleſh and blood,
The wond'rous man, th' incarnate God.

In vain combined hoſts aſſail,
Nor ſhall the gates of hell prevail,
Nor force, nor fraud, the building ſhock,
Founded on him th' eternal rock.

[*Spiritual David, ſee* 70.]

To Jeſus let our ſongs abound,
And bleſs his name, in ſweeteſt ſound;
Be this our ſong till him we view,
And this our theme in glory too.

165. C. M. COWPER.

Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, tho' vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away!

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
'Till all the ranſom'd church of God
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

Whene'er, by faith, I view the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love is then my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

But when this liſping ſtamm'ring tongue,
Lies ſilent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave.—

Lord, I believe thou haſt prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis ſtrung and tun'd for endleſs years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To ſound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

[*Chriſt a Friend, ſee* 127.]
[*Chriſt my Guide, ſee* 273.]

166. C. M. WATTS's H.

Chriſt our High Prieſt.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more,
Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſons of Aaron wore.

They firſt their own burnt off'rings brought
To purge themſelves from ſin;
Thy life was pure without a ſpot,
And all thy nature clean.

Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

But Chriſt, by his own pow'rful blood,
Aſcends above the ſkies;
And, in the preſence of our God,
Shews his own ſacrifice.

Jeſus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that once was ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

ever lives to intercede
efore his Father's face;
e him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
lor doubt the Father's grace.

167. L. M. BREWER.

Chriſt my Hiding-Place.

IAIL, ſov'reign love, that firſt began
The ſcheme to reſcue fallen man!
il, matchleſs, free, eternal grace,
at gave my ſoul a hiding-Place.

ainſt the God, who rules the ſky,
ought with hand uplifted high;
ſpis'd the mention of his grace,
o proud to ſeek a hiding-Place.

wrap'd in thick Egyptian night,
id fond of darkneſs, more than light;
idly I ran the ſinful race,
ure without a hiding-Place.

t thus th' eternal council ran:
Almighty Love, arreſt that man!"
elt the arrows of diſtreſs,
d found I had no hiding-Place.

lignant juſtice ſtood in view:
Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
t Juſtice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-Place."

e long, an heav'nly voice I heard,
id mercy's angel ſoon appear'd:
e led me on, with placid pace,
Jeſus as my hiding-Place.

Should ſtorms of ſev'n-fold thunder roll,
And ſhake the globe from pole to pole;
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jeſus is my hiding-Place.

On him almighty vengeance fell,
That muſt have ſunk a world to hell:
He bore it for the choſen race,
And thus became their hiding-Place.

A few more rolling ſuns, at moſt,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coaſt;
Where I ſhall ſing the ſong of grace,
And ſee my glorious hiding-Place.

168. 8, 7.

To Immanuel.

O Eternal, bleſſed Spirit,
Now prepare our ſouls to ſing;
Ye who know the Savior's merit,
Now to him your praiſes bring:
Gladly ſing Immanuel's glory,
Loudly ſound his name on high;
Sing with all his love before ye,
'Till your ſongs aſcend the ſky!

As Jehovah, now adore him,
God, the Savior and the Son;
None in heaven is before him,
There our Triune God is one:
All the hoſts above are ſinging,
Equal honors to his name;
Them we join in gladly bringing
Our hoſannas to his fame.

From his bright celeſtial manſion,
Down to earth he took his way;
Mortals, ſing his condeſcenſion,
How he cloth'd himſelf in clay:
Now with faith and love confeſs him,
Who diſplay'd ſalvation thus;
And in ſongs for ever bleſs him
As Immanuel, God with us.

Yes, with holy joy and wonder,
We his glorious deeds rehearſe,
Who, by dying ſtill'd the thunder
Of the law's tremendous curſe:
He who once on earth was bleeding,
Faſt'ned to th' accurſed tree,
Lives in heaven, interceding,
For ſuch worms as you and me.

Glory, honor, praiſe and power,
To the Lamb be ever paid;
Let new bleſſings ev'ry hour,
Reſt on his adored head:
Thus, on earth, we liſp the ſtory,
Of his vaſt immortal love,
'Till we tune our harps in glory,
And his praiſes ſing above.

169. C. M. NEWTON.

The Name Jeſus.

HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds
In a believer's ear!
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

Jeſus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

170. C. M. LARWELL.

Jeſus the Savior.

JESUS the Savior, charming name!
He lov'd our ſouls ſo well;
He bore the load of ſin and ſhame,
That he might ſave from hell.

"Finiſh'd," he cry'd, and bow'd his head,
But ſoon the Savior roſe;
Tho' he was number'd with the dead,
He lives to plead our cauſe.

Awake my heart, awake my tongue,
  An grateful off'ring bring;
Chriſt is the Subject of the ſong,
  Who can refuſe to ſing!

171. C. M. STEELE.

King of Saints.

COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
  And joy to make it known,
The ſov'reign of your heart proclaim,
  And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Savior crown'd
  With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
  How bright thoſe glories ſhine.

Infinite pow'r, and boundleſs grace,
  In him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
  Can you forbear his praiſe?

When in his earthly courts we view
  The glories of our King;
We long to love as angels do,
  And wiſh like them to ſing.

And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain?
  Lord teach our ſongs to riſe!
Thy love can animate the ſtrain,
  And bid it reach the ſkies.

O happy period! glorious day!
  When heav'n and earth ſhall raiſe,
With all *their* pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,
  To celebrate thy praiſe.

172. L. M. G. M.

Jeſus our Kinſman—Our All.

JESUS, our Kinſman, and our God,
Array'd in Majeſty and blood;
Thou art our life; our ſouls in thee
Poſſeſs a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our Surety and our Head;
Thy croſs, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories, yet unknown.

O let our ſouls for ever lie
Beneath the bleſſings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To ſee thy face, to taſte thy love.

173. 8, 7. *Altered by* MORTON.

Paſchal Lamb.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
Loads of ſin on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jeſus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hoſts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's ſide:

For thy people thou art pleading;
There thou doſt their place prepare;
Ever for them interceding;
'Till in glory they appear.

Riches, honor, ſtrength, and bleſſing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudeſt praiſes, without ceaſing,
Meet it is for ſaints to give:
All the bright angelic ſpirits
Bring their ſweeteſt, nobleſt lays;
Help to ſing the Savior's merits;
Help to chant the Savior's praiſe.

Soon ſhall ſaints, with thoſe in glory,
His tranſcendent grace relate:
Gladly ſing th' amazing ſtory
Of the Savior's love ſo great:
In that bleſſed contemplation
They for evermore ſhall dwell:
Crown'd with bliſs and conſolation,
Such as none below can tell.

174. C. M. WATTS's H.

Moſes and the Lamb.

HOW ſtrong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

He hath done more than Moſes did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From wrath and hell, our ſouls he freed,
And taught our lips to ſing.

In the red ſea, by Moſes' hand,
Th' Egyptian hoſt was drown'd;
Our Jeſus' blood hides all our ſins,
And guilt no more is found.

When through the deſart Iſrael went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to himſelf,
The true, the living bread.

Moſes beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place:
But Chriſt ſhall bring his children home,
To ſee their Father's face.

Then ſhall our hearts with joy o'erflow,
And feel a warmer flame;
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

175. L. M. NEEDHAM.

Meſſiah.

GLORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whoſe name is love
Ye ſaints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to ſend!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive.

Meſſiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal ſceptre's broke,
And time ſtill proves what Jacob ſpoke.

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic ſeals requir'd;
Cut off for ſins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Meſſiah did atone.

Thy famous Temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-ſhone:
It wanted not thy glitt'ring ſtore,
Meſſiah's preſence grac'd it more.

We ſee the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jeſus, that moſt wond'rous Child;
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his Character divine.

Jeſus, thy goſpel firmly ſtands
A bleſſing to theſe favor'd lands:
No Infidel ſhall be our dread,
Since thou art riſen from the dead.

176. Sevens. LYNDALL's Col.

He ſhall be called a Nazarene.

THE deſpiſed Nazarene,
Who is chief in my eſteem;
Mark'd with ſcourges, nails and ſpear,
Hung an enſign in the air.

None among the ſons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,
Can with Jeſus Chriſt compare,
Who is my ſupremely fair.

Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He ſhould ever be my ſong;
Object of my preſent bliſs,
Subject of my future praiſe.

177. C. M. TOPLADY.

The One Thing Needful; or, Chriſt our All in All.

COMPAR'D with Chriſt, in all beſide
No comelineſs I ſee;
The one Thing needful, deareſt Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

The ſenſe of thy expiring love
Into my ſoul convey:
Thyſelf beſtow; for thee alone
My All in All I pray.

Leſs than Thyſelf will not ſuffice,
My comfort to reſtore:
More than Thyſelf I cannot crave;
And thou canſt give no more.

Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intenſe I'd burn:
Choſen of thee e'er time began,
I'd chuſe thee in return.

Whate'er conſiſts not with thy love,
O teach me to reſign;
I'm rich to all th' Intents of bliſs,
If thou, O God, art mine.

178. C. M.

Crown him Lord of All.

ALL-HAIL the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels proſtrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of *all*.

Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jeſſe's Rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye choſen ſeed of Iſrael's race,
A remnant weak and ſmall;
Hail him who ſaves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile ſinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and ſires, who know his love,
Who feel your ſin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hoſts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terreſtrial ball,
To him all majeſty aſcribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that, with yonder ſacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlaſting ſong,
And crown him Lord of all.

179. L. M. STEELE.

The Great Phyſician.

YE mourning ſinners, here diſcloſe
Your deep complaints, your various woes;
Approach, 'tis Jeſus, he can heal
The pains, which mourning ſinners feel.

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a bliſsful ray;
Sweet morning of celeſtial day!

Ye helpleſs lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Savior bids you riſe;
New life and ſtrength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praiſe.

Nor ſhall the leper, hopeleſs lie
Beneath the great Phyſician's eye;
Sin's deepeſt pow'r his word controls,
That fatal leproſy of ſouls.

That hand divine, which can aſſuage
The burning fever's reſtleſs rage;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.

When freezing palſy chills the veins,
And pale, cold death already reigns;
He ſpeaks; the vital pow'rs revive;
He ſpeaks, and dying ſinners live.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand;
Diſeaſes fly at thy command;
O let thy ſov'reign touch impart
Life, ſtrength, and health to ev'ry heart.

180. C. M. STEELE.

Pearl of great Price.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;

A *real* Prize attracts my view,
A Treaſure all divine.

Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye ſpecious baits of ſenſe;—
Ineſtimable worth appears,
The Pearl of Price immenſe!

Jeſus, to multitudes unknown,
O Name divinely ſweet!
Jeſus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleaſure meet.

Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boaſted ſtores reſign;
With Joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

Should earth's vain treaſures all depart,
Of this dear Gift poſſeſs'd;
I'd claſp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bleſs'd.

Dear Sov'reign of my ſoul's deſires,
Thy love is bliſs divine;
Accept the wiſh that love inſpires,
And bid me call thee mine.

181. Sevens. WHITEFIELD'S Col.

*Chriſt the Sinner's Refuge.**

JESUS, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high!

* *See alſo* 260.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my ſoul at laſt.

Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still ſupport and comfort me.
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want:
Ev'ry good in thee I find:
Thou canſt cheer my ſoul when faint;
Eaſe the anguiſh of my mind.
Juſt and holy is thy name,—
I am all unrighteouſneſs:
Vile and full of ſin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound;
Let me feel them flow within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,—
Riſe to all eternity!

182. C. M. STEELE.

To the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the ſacred ſong!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue diſplay?
Imagination's utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this!

He took the dying traitor's place,
And ſuffer'd in his ſtead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Savior bled!

Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood?
By this are ſinners ſav'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
'Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

183. L. M. PEACOCK.

The Price of our Redemption.

NOT all the treaſures earth can boaſt,
Not all the coſtlieſt gems that ſhine;
Could e'er redeem a ſinner loſt,
Could e'er atone the wrath divine.

It was before all worlds decreed
The ſpotleſs Lamb of God muſt bleed;
Behold on the appointed day,
Jeſus his wond'rous grace diſplay.

Swift on the wings of heav'nly love,
See him deſcend from worlds above;
See him almighty wrath atone,
And for our life gives up his own.

Behold he from the grave revives,
And now with God his Father lives;
Glory his ſacred head adorns,
Once wounded and beſet with thorns.

Now crown'd with rays of majeſty,
Th' aſcended Savior reigns on high;
Both heav'n and earth his empire own,
By God exalted to his throne.

184. C. M. NEWTON.

Chriſt the Refuge, River, Rock, &c.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our ſins and pains;
Now, ſeated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring ſkill;
And countleſs worlds extended wide,
Obey his ſov'reign will.

While harps unnumber'd ſound his praiſe,
In yonder world above;
His ſaints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

His righteouſneſs, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms;
Affords a hiding-place and ſhield,
From enemies and ſtorms.

This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,
Is deſolate and dry;
But ſtreams of grace from him o'erflow
Their thirſt to ſatisfy.

When troubles like a burning ſun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleaſing ſhade.

How glorious he! how happy they
In ſuch a glorious friend!
Whoſe love ſecures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

185. S. M.

Chriſt our Ranſom, &c.

HOW dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace,
When Chriſt ſuſtain'd the ſtroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ranſom for the flock.

His honor and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And deem'd as vile as they.

But God hath rais'd his head
O'er all the ſons of men:
The glory of the choſen ſeed
Shall recompence his pain.

186. HILL's Col.

Chriſt our ranſom and Surety.

ALL ye that paſs by,
To Jeſus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?
Our ranſom and peace,
Our ſurety he is,
Come, ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our ſins on the Lamb, and he bore them away
He dy'd to atone
For ſins not his own:
The Father hath puniſh'd for us his dear Son.

Come, lift up your eyes,
At Jeſus's cries,
Behold how he ſuffers! how patient he dies!

For ſinners like me
He dy'd on the tree;
His death is accepted, the ſinner is free.

O may we approve
This wonderful love!
A wonder to all, both below and above!
Love mov'd him to die;
This therefore we cry,
Our Jeſus has lov'd us, we cannot ſay why.

But this we can tell,
He lov'd us ſo well,
By loſing his life he redeem'd us from hell:
He ranſom'd our race;
O how ſhall we praiſe,
Or worthily ſing, his unſpeakable grace!

187. C. M. STEELE.

To the Savior.

COME, heav'nly Love, inſpire my ſong
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Savior's lovely name.

The Savior! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence ev'ry fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels, loſt in ſin,
Deſerving endleſs woe.

God's only Son (ſtupendous grace!)
  Forſook his throne above;
And, ſwift to ſave our wretched race,
  He flew on wings of love.

Th' almighty Former of the ſkies
  Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes
  And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine!
  Of bliſs, a boundleſs ſtore!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine;
  I cannot wiſh for more!

On thee alone my hope relies;
  Beneath thy croſs I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
  My Savior and my All!

188. C. M.

Son of Man.

O How ſhall duſt thy praiſe declare,
  When angels try in vain?
And vail their eyes when they appear
  Before the Son of Man!

Yet LORD, we cannot ſilent be;
  By love we are conſtrain'd
To offer our beſt thanks to thee,
  Our Savior and our Friend.

Worſhip and honor, thanks and love,
  Be to our Jeſus giv'n;
By ſaints below, and hoſts above,
  'Till we all meet in heav'n.

189. L. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

Chriſt our Strength.

LET me but hear my Savior ſay,
"Strength ſhall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep diſtreſs,
Leaning on all-ſufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
That Chriſt's own pow'r may reſt on me:
When I am weak, then am I ſtrong;
Chriſt is my ſhield, and Grace my ſong.

I can do all things, and can bear
All ſuff'rings, if my Lord be here:
Sweet pleaſures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head ſuſtains.

Kindly he brings me to the place,
Where ſtands the banquet of his grace:
And, when I faint, he o'er my head
The banner of his love will ſpread.

How ſhine thoſe hands, which on the tree,
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled, for me!
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with ſins and agonies;
Now at his feet the ſeraphs ſtand,
And wait to know his high command.

Jeſus, thou everlaſting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

190. Sevens. BRADFORD'S Col.

The good Shepherd.

JESUS, Shepherd of the ſheep,
Thou thy flock doſt feed and keep;
Sweeteſt paſture doſt prepare,
Watcheſt them with tender care:
Thee the ſheep profeſs and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone;
Thee they follow in the way,
Srangers will they not obey.

Thou know'ſt them, and they know thee,
Thou wilt never from them flee;
They delight to feel thee near,
They rejoice thy voice to hear:
Thou doſt call them by their names,
In thy boſom bear the lambs;
They protection ſeek, and reſt,
In their Shepherd's loving breaſt.

Lord, thy wand'ring ſheep behold,
Bring them back into thy fold;
On thy ſhoulders bear them home,
Suffer them no more to roam:
Lead them into paſtures green,
Where thy lovely face is ſeen;
Make them to thoſe fountains go,
Where the living waters flow.

191. C. M. HIGINBOTHOM.

Another.

TO thee, my ſhepherd and my Lord,
A grateful ſong I'll raiſe;

OF CHRIST.

O let the meaneſt of thy flock
Attempt to ſpeak thy praiſe.—

Vain the attempt! what tongue can ſpeak
A ſubject ſo divine!
Do juſtice to ſo vaſt a theme,
And praiſe a love like thine!

Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From the bleſt world on high!
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To labour, bleed, and die!

My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thouſand, thouſand comforts here,
And nobler bliſs above.

To thee my trembling ſpirit flies,
With ſin and grief oppreſt:
Thy gentle voice diſpels my fears,
And lulls my cares to reſt.

Nay, ſhould I walk through death's dark vale,
With double horrors ſpread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful ſteps,
And guard my drooping head.

Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee
No evil I ſhall fear;
Soon I ſhall reach thy fold above,
And praiſe thee better there.

192. S. M. WATTS's H.

*Chriſt our Sacrifice.**

NOT all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

But Chriſt, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
Whilſt like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burden thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing we rejoice,
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

193. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs &c.

BURY'D in ſhadows of the night
We lie, 'till Jeſus gives us light:
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chace the darkneſs of the mind.

* *See alſo* 425.

Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears,
'Till the atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing the Lord our righteouſneſs.

Jeſus beholds where ſatan reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains:
Grace ſets the pris'ners free and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

Poor helpleſs worms in Chriſt poſſeſs
Wiſdom, and pow'r and righteouſneſs:
Thou art our mighty All; may we
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee!

194. S. M. HART.

Offices and Character of Chriſt.

CHRIST is th' eternal Rock,
On which his church is built;
The Shepherd of his little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;
Our Counſellor; our Guide;
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his choſen bride,
Who loves her to the end.

He is the Son to free;
The Biſhop he to bleſs;
The full Propitiation he;
The Lord our Righteouſneſs;
His body's glorious Head;
Our Advocate that pleads;
Our Prieſt that pray'd, aton'd and bled,
And ever intercedes.

Let all obedient ſouls
Their grateful tribute bring;
Submit to Jeſus' righteous rules;
And bow before their King:
Our Prophet Chriſt expounds
Our heav'nly Father's will;
This good Phyſician cures our wounds
With tenderneſs and ſkill.

When ſin had ſadly made
Twixt wrath and mercy, ſtrife,
Our dear Redeemer freely paid
Our ranſom with his life:
Faith gives the full releaſe;
Our Surety for us ſtood;
The Mediator made the peace,
And ſign'd it with his blood.

Soldiers, your Captain own;
Domeſtics, ſerve your Lord;
Sinners, the Savior's love make known;
Saints, hymn th' incarnate Word;
The Witneſs ſure and true,
Of God's good will to men;
Th' Alpha and th' Omega too;
The Firſt and Laſt, Amen.

Poor pilgrims ſhall not ſtray,
Who frighted flee from wrath:
A bleeding Jeſus is the Way;
And blood tracks all the path:

Chriſtians in Chriſt obtain
The Truth that can't deceive;
And never ſhall they die again,
Who in the Life believe.

195. As the 148th. WATTS, *altered.*

Another.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet the Savior forth.

Lo! what endearing words,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My ſoul, with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Jeſus, our great High Prieſt,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
Her guilty ſinners ſeek
No ſacrifice beſide;
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

Thou dear almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing:
Thine is the pow'r: O may we ſit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

196. As the 148th.

Another.

ARRAY'd in mortal fleſh,
Our lovely Jeſus ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands;
Commiſſion'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou our Counſellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide;
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep us near thy ſide.
O, let our feet ne'er run aſtray,
But follow thee the living way.

Sweet is the Shepherd's voice,
Whoſe watchful eye doth keep,
Poor wand'ring ſouls, among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names;
His boſom bears the tender lambs

To this dear Surety's hands,
My ſoul, commend thy cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Believing ſouls now free are ſet,
For Chriſt hath paid their dreadful debt.

Our Advocate appears
For our defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

Then let us all arise,
And tread the tempter down:
Our Captain leads us forth,
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

197. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Effusion of the Spirit, &c.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met:
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields and spears and swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north:
"Go, and assert your Savior's cause;
"Go spread the myst'ry of his cross."

Theſe weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our ſtubborn paſſions bow,
And lay the proudeſt rebel low!

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdu'd;
While Satan rages at the loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the croſs.

Great King of grace! my heart ſubdue:
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And ſing the victories of his word.

198. S. M. HART.

A Prayer to the Holy Spirit.

COME, holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams ariſe:
Diſpel the ſorrow from our minds,
The darkneſs from our eyes.

Chear our deſponding hearts,
With viſitations ſweet:
Give us to lie with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſt the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jeſus' blood:
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of God.

'Tis thine to change the heart,
T' illuminate the ſoul;
To pour freſh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.—

If thou, celeſtial Dove,
Thy influence withdraw,
What eaſy victims ſoon we fall
To terror, ſin, and law!

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

199. C. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Another.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

Look, how on earth we grov'ling lie,
Fond of its trifling toys:
Nor can we lift our ſouls on high
To reach ſublimer joys.

In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Great God, and ſhall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo cold, ſo faint to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Come, ſhed abroad a Savior's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

200. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Drawings celebrated.

O GOD, what ſilken cords are thine!
How ſoft, and yet how ſtrong!
While pow'r, and truth, and love, combine
To draw our ſouls along,

Thou ſaw'ſt us cruſh'd beneath the yoke
Of ſatan and of ſin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke
Our worthleſs hearts to win.

The guilt of twice ten thouſand ſins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when firſt the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

Comfort, thro' all this vale of tears,
In rich profuſion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity beſtows.

Drawn by ſuch cords, we onward move,
'Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqu'ror's feet.

201. C. M. STEELE.

Regeneration.

HOW helpleſs guilty nature lies,
Unconſcious of its load!
The heart, unchang'd, can never riſe
To happineſs and God.

The will perverſe, the paſſions blind,
In paths of ruin ſtray;
Reaſon, debas'd, can never find
The ſafe, the narrow way.

Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The ſtubborn will ſubdue?
'Tis thine, eternal ſpirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

'Tis thine the paſſions to recall,
And upward bid them riſe;
And make the ſcales of error fall
From reaſon's darken'd eyes.

To chaſe the ſhades of death away,
And bid the ſinner live!
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

O change theſe wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then ſhall our paſſions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

202. C. M. WATTS H.

Faith in Chriſt.

HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And ſatan binds our captive ſouls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace,
Sounds from the ſacred word;
Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners, come,
And truſt upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promiſe, Lord,
O help our unbelief!

To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls
From crimes of deepeſt dye!

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning ſins ſubdue;
Drive the old dragon from his ſeat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak and helpleſs worms,
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus, and our all.

203. C. M. *Hyde Park.*

A Faith's View of Chriſt.

'TWAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd,
And pow'rs of darkneſs roſe;
A ſudden groan my ear aſſail'd,
Expreſſing dying woes.

I turn'd; then wonder'd as I ſtood
At what mine eyes ſurvey'd!
A Prince, expiring in his blood,
On a vile croſs diſplay'd!

I knew him, tho' his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majeſtic air:
Then I demanded, with a frown,
"What traitor fix'd him there?"

No anſwer to my voice I heard,
Nor could diſcern a foe;
When lo! his fainting head he rear'd,
And ſpake in words of woe:

"Ceaſe wretch, from vain inquiry reſt,
"My cruel murd'rer ſee;
"Thy ſins have rent my bleeding breaſt,
"And nail'd me to the tree."

Trembling I fell, and kiſs'd his wounds,
And wip'd the gore away;
I ſaw him ſmooth his killing frowns,
And heard him gently ſay:

"Riſe, let thy heart its grief compoſe,
"Thy Savior can forgive;
"He feels the burden of thy woes,
"And dies to bid thee live."

With pleaſing grief and mournful joy
My ſpirit then was fill'd,
That I ſhould ſuch a life deſtroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

204. C. M.

The Triumph of Faith; or, the Fiery Furnace.

WHAT mighty wonders Faith has done!
O, who can e'er recount
The num'rous vict'ries it has won,
Or tell the vaſt amount?

Poſſeſs'd of this, without diſmay,
The Hebrew Champions ſtood,
And dar'd a tyrant diſobey,
Reſiſting unto blood.

His impious threat they diſregard,
And all his fury brave,
Believing that the God they fear'd,
Was able them to ſave.

Leaning on his almighty arm,
Who did ſuch faith inſpire,
They were preſerv'd ſecure from harm,
Amidſt conſuming fire.

Like precious faith may we poſſeſs,
Nor need we ever fear,
Tho' call'd thro' floods or flames to paſs,
If Chriſt be with us there.

205. C. M. *The contrite Heart.* COWPER.

THE Lord will happineſs divine
On contrite hearts beſtow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but ſeem to hear in vain,
Inſenſible as ſteel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I ſometimes think myſelf inclin'd
To love thee, if I cou'd;
But often feel another mind,
Averſe to all that's good.

My beſt deſires are faint and few,
I fain would ſtrive for more;
But when I cry, "My ſtrength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

The ſaints are comforted I know,
And love thy houſe of pray'r;
I ſometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

206. L. M. WATTS's P.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in ſin
And born unholy and unclean:
Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall,
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

Behold, we fall before thy face,
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leproſy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beaſt,
Nor hyſſop branch, nor ſprinkling prieſt,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor ſea,
Can waſh the diſmal ſtain away.

Jeſus, our God! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r ſufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as ſnow;
No Jewiſh types could cleanſe us ſo.

While guilt diſturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor fleſh nor ſoul hath reſt or eaſe;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make our down-caſt hearts rejoice.

207. L. M. STEELE.

Hope encouraged.

WHY ſinks my weak deſponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious ſigh?
Can ſov'reign goodneſs be unkind?
Am I not ſafe ſince God is nigh?

He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

'Tis he ſupports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they ſpread! how bright they ſhine

Infinite wiſdom! boundleſs pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulneſs and love!
Here let me truſt, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A preſent help in times of need;
Still kind to hear, and ſtrong to ſave.

Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And eaſe the ſorrows of my breaſt;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am bleſt.

208. Sevens. SENNICK.

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, ſweetly ſing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'lling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt!
We on Jeſus' throne ſhall reſt;
There our ſeat is now prepar'd,
There our kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt, our Father's Son,
Bids us undiſmay'd go on.

Lord! incline us now to go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we then will follow thee!

209. 7. 6. WHITEFIELD's Col.

Leaning on the Beloved.

MY moſt indulgent Savior,
I long thy love to find,
To triumph in thy favor,
And know thy Spirit's mind:
This grace to me be giv'n,
I nothing more requeſt;
I aſk no other heaven,
Than leaning on thy breaſt.

The place of John I covet,
More than a ſeraph's throne;
To reſt on my beloved,
And breathe my final groan:
On thee alone relying,
To loſe my ſin and pain,
And, on thy bosom dying,
My life eternal gain.

Then I, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate,
Th' amazing, pleaſing ſtory,
Of Jeſus' love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation,
May I for ever dwell;
And I ſhare ſuch conſolation,
As none below can tell.

210. C. M. BEDDOME.

Fear not.

YE trembling ſouls, diſmiſs your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued ſtream.

Fear not the pow'rs of earth, and hell,
GOD will theſe pow'rs reſtrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide,
Grant them ſupplies of daily food,
And all they need beſide.

Fear not that he will e'er forſake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promiſes,
And faithful to his Son.

Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous ſting;
He will from endleſs wrath preſerve,
To endleſs glory bring.

You in his wiſdom, pow'r, and grace,
May confidently truſt;
His wiſdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the juſt.

211. L. M. BRADFORD'S Col.

Truſt.

IF Chriſt be my defence and tow'r,
Why ſhould I fear the tempter's pow'r?
If Jeſus is my mighty ſhield,
Tho' hot the fight, why ſhould I yield?

Tho' creature-comforts fade and die,
Yet Jeſus lives, and ſtill is nigh;
Tho' all the flocks and herds be dead,
Yet Jeſus is my living bread.

I know not what may ſoon betide;
Yet Jeſus knows, and he'll provide:
Tho' ſin would ſink me in diſtreſs,
Yet Jeſus is my righteouſneſs.

Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
Yet Jeſus intercedes above:
What tho' my foes ſhould all combine,
Yet Jeſus is for ever mine!

212. Eights.

Aſſurance.

O Love! thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallowed up in thee!
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
From condemnation I am free:
Whilſt Jeſus' blood thro' earth and ſkies,
"Mercy, free boundleſs mercy!" cries.

By faith, I plunge me in that ſea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;

Hither, when hell aſſaults, I flee:
I look into my Savior's breaſt:
Away, ſad doubts, and anxious fear—
"Mercy"—is all that's written there.

Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head;
Tho' ſtrength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead;
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfaſt on this my ſoul relies,
Father—thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and fleſh decay,
This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then ſhall prove,
Sav'd with an everlaſting love!

213. Sevens. NEWTON.

Loveſt thou me?

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name.

Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love?

Love never dies, but lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis love ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

When join'd to that harmonious throng,
Which fill the choirs above,
Then ſhall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

216. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Love to Jeſus.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport and my truſt!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

All my capacious pow'rs can wiſh
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my heart,
And ſhed its fragrance there;
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll ſpeak the honors of thy name,
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
And dying, claſp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

217. C. M. *Another.*

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and ſee;
And turn each curſed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my ſoul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
Which God does not approve.

Is not thy name melodious ſtill
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulſe with pleaſure bound
My Savior's voice to hear?

Thou know'ſt I love thee, deareſt Lord:
But O! I long to ſoar
Far from this ſphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

218. C. M. *Another.*

BLESS'D Jeſus! when my ſoaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my ſoul in tranſport loſt
In wonder, joy, and love,

Not ſofteſt ſtrains can charm mine ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the ſkies inſpire
My heart with equal flame.

Where'er I look, my wand'ring eyes
Unnumber'd bleſſings ſee;
But what is life, with all its bliſs,
If once compar'd to thee?

Haſt thou a rival in my breaſt?
Search, Lord, for thou canſt tell
If aught can raiſe my paſſions thus,
Or pleaſe my ſoul ſo well

No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundleſs grace
My ſweeteſt thoughts employ.

When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories ſhine,
And Death ſhall all his terrors loſe
In raptures ſo divine.

219. C. M. STEELE.

Deſiring to know and love Chriſt more.

THOU lovely ſource of true delight,
Whom I unſeen adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my ſight,
That I may love thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation ſhines;
But in thy ſacred word
I read, in fairer brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And ſin and ſorrow riſe,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart ſupplies.

But ah! too ſoon the pleaſing ſcene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears riſe dark between,
And I again complain.

Jeſus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with bliſsful ray;
Break radiant thro' this ſhade of night,
And chaſe my fears away.

Then ſhall my ſoul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

220. Sevens. MADAN'S Col.

Brotherly Love.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever ceaſe:

By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove,
Each to each do thou endear,
Come and ſpread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide.

Let us for each other care,
Each his brother's burthen bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live:

Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew *how true* believers die.

221. C. M. SWAIN.

Another.

HOW ſweet, how heav'nly is the ſight
When thoſe that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And ſo fulfil his word.

When, each can feel his brother's ſigh,
And with him bear a part;
When ſorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

When, free from envy, ſcorn, and pride,
Our wiſhes all above,
Each can a brother's failing hide,
And ſhew a brother's love.

When love, in one delightful ſtream,
Thro' ev'ry boſom flows;
When union ſweet, and dear eſteem,
In ev'ry action glows.

Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy ſouls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n, that finds
His boſom glow with love.

222. S. M. BEDDOME.

Chriſtian Love.

LET party names no more
The Chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are ONE in Chriſt their Head.

Among the ſaints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
irs of the ſame Inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell!
Be baniſh'd far away;
oſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell
Who the ſame Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
here ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

23. Clark's T. MORTON's Col.

e Knowledge of Chriſt crucified, the beſt Knowledge.

INNER, bid the world adieu,
With all of creature-good;
ift, and only Chriſt purſue,
ınd truſt and plead his blood:
ıat can all the world beſtow?
ınd what of all its wealth and pride;
y Jeſus wiſh to know,
ınd Jeſus crucify'd.

ı to know, is life and peace,
ınd pleaſure without end;
the Chriſtian's happineſs,
ın Jeſus to depend;
ly in his grace to grow,
.nd near the Savior to abide;
y Jeſus wiſh to know,
nd Jeſus crucify'd.

All in him his people ſeek,
And his alone would be;
They the Savior's praiſes ſpeak,
And long his face to ſee:
While they ſojourn here below,
On nothing they depend beſide;
Only Jeſus would they know,
And Jeſus crucify'd.

224. C. M. FAWCETT.

Knowledge at preſent imperfect.

THY way, O God, is in the ſea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the myſtery
Of thy unbounded grace.

Here the dark veils of fleſh and ſenſe,
My captive ſoul ſurround;
Myſterious deeps of providence,
My wond'ring thoughts confound.

When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes deſtroy;
In deep aſtoniſhment I ſtand,
And aſk the reaſon, why?

As thro' a glaſs, I dimly ſee
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above.

'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bleſs thee for the light:
When will thy love the reſt reveal
In glory's clearer light?

With rapture ſhall I then ſurvey
Thy providence and grace,
And ſpend an everlaſting day
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

225. L. M. TOPLADY'S COL.

True Wiſdom.

HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
The bleſſing of God's choſen race;
The wiſdom coming from above,
And faith that ſweetly works by love.

Happy beyond deſcription, he,
To ſay, "The Savior dy'd for me,
The gift unſpeakable obtains,
And heav'nly underſtanding gains.

Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace;
Wiſdom to ſilver we prefer,
And gold is droſs compar'd with her.

He finds, who wiſdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine ſhe is,
Set in the midſt of paradiſe.

Happy the man who wiſdom gains,
In whoſe obedient heart ſhe reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wiſdom, and Chriſt, and Heav'n are one.

226. C. M. Newton.

Joy.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren ſoil;
All we can boaſt 'till Chriſt we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord reveals his grace,
And makes his glories known;
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Savior ſeen by faith,
A ſenſe of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like thoſe above.

To take a glimpſe within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Are ſprings of joy that never fail,
Unſpeakable! divine!

Theſe are the joys which ſatisfy,
And ſanctify the mind;
Which make the ſpirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

227. S. M. Watts's H.

Call to be joyful.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from this place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
Should ſpeak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope muſt grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

228. C. M. WATTS's H.

Spiritual Joy reſtored.

HENCE from my ſoul, ſad thoughts be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue ſhall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noiſe.

Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
'Till ſov'reign grace with ſhining rays
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.

O, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jeſus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine!

In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpſe, dear Savior, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

229. L. M. SWAIN.

Peace.

SINNER, away from Sinai fly!
To Calv'ry's bloody ſcene repair;
Behold the Prince of Glory die,
And read your peace and pardon there!

Search into ev'ry open wound;
Trace the ſharp ſcourge, the nails, the ſpear;
And full ſalvation will be found
In crimſon letters written there.

No works of man, to raiſe the ſum
Or pay the ranſom muſt be brought;
Helpleſs and poor to Jeſus come,
Nor ſtrive to bring a perfect thought.

Your faith, your hope, and righteouſneſs,
Are treaſur'd up in him alone;
Your rich ſupplies of grace and peace
Spring from the works your Lord has done.

Hell opens her ten thouſand graves
To ſwallow thoſe that die in ſin;
But all the great Immanuel ſaves
Heav'n's open gates ſhall welcome in.

There shall the blood-wash'd armies go,
That trust the great Redeemer here;
The plant that buds with grace below
Shall ripen into glory there.

230. C. M. HOSKINS.

Consolation.

WHAT a fair country lies above
This wilderness of woe!
A land of life, and light, and love,
Where fruits immortal grow.

There reigns the Great Incarnate God,
In majesty and grace;
There all the armies bought with blood
Behold him face to face!

There saints departed ever dwell
To worship and adore;
With rapt'rous joy they sit and tell
What myst'ries they explore.

O how they shout eternal praise
To God and to the Lamb!
To what transported heights they raise
Their music to his name.

Free'd now from sin, and death, and tears,
They are completely blest:
They, safe from all their foes and fears,
Enjoy eternal rest.

Lord, when shall we these blessings share,
And meet our friends on high;
O may thy grace our souls prepare,
And take us to the sky.

231. 8. 7. BRADFORD' Col.

Happineſs.

NOTHING can preſerve my going
But ſalvation full and free;
Nothing can my ſoul diſhearten
But my abſence, Lord, from thee:
Nothing can delay my progreſs,
Nothing can diſturb my reſt,
If, I can, whate'er the danger,
Lean my ſpirit on thy breaſt.

In thy preſence I am happy,
In thy preſence I'm ſecure;
In thy preſence all afflictions
I can eaſily endure:
In thy preſence I can conquer,
I can ſuffer, I can die:
Far from thee I faint and languiſh;
O, my Savior, keep me nigh!

232. C. M. H.

Another.

HOW happy is the chriſtian's ſtate!
His ſins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the penſive ſigh;
Yet, truſting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

If, to prevent his wand'ring ſteps,
He feels the chaſt'ning rod;
The gentle ſtroke ſhall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

And when the welcome meſſage comes,
To call his ſoul away;
His ſoul, in raptures, ſhall aſcend
To everlaſting day.

233. C. M. WATTS's H.

God the only Happineſs of his People.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlaſting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Nor on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning ſun
Scatters his feeble light:
Thy cheering beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy love for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is ſhining wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my ſafety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

234. C. M.

Reſignation.

GREAT God, create my ſoul anew,
Conform my will to thine:
Melt down my heart, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my pow'rs I bring:
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry ſpring.

O may my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring ſenſes rove;
Nor let my unbelieving heart
Arraign the God I love!

Then not the ſun, ſhall, more than I,
His Maker's will perform;
Nor travel ſwifter through the ſky,
Nor burn with zeal ſo warm.

235. 8. 7. ROBINSON.

Gratitude.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceaſing
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe.

Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Where the ranſom'd all unite in
Praiſe of God's unchanging love.

Here I raiſe my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
Truſting, Lord, by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jeſus ſought me when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

Oh! to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, Lord, take and ſeal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

236. L. M.

Admiration.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll,
O'er the ſharp ſorrows of thy ſoul,
And ſee my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honor'd by thy croſs;

When I behold death, hell, and ſin,
Vanquiſh'd by that dear blood of thine;
And ſee the Man, that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's ſide;

My ſoul would riſe and ſoar above,
Be wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love!
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel ſings.

But my heart faints, my tongue complains,
For want of thoſe immortal ſtrains;
And, in ſuch humble notes as theſe,
Muſt fall below thy victories.

The glorious time will ſoon appear,
When I ſhall leave my priſon here;
This houſe of clay; and mount on high,
To join in ſongs beyond the ſky.

237. L. M. WATTS's H.

Thankſgiving.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

'Twas he alone that cleans'd our ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels back to God.

To Jeſus, our atoning Prieſt,
To Jeſus, our Superior King,
Be everlaſting praiſe addreſt,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing!

238. C. M. COWPER.

Obedience.

NO ſtrength of nature can ſuffice
To ſerve the Lord aright;
And what ſhe has, ſhe miſapplies,
For want of clearer light.

Long time beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and diſtreſs;
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without ſucceſs:

Then—to abſtain from outward ſin
Was more than I could do;
Now—though I feel its pow'r within,
I feel deliv'rance too:

Then—all my ſervile works were done
A righteouſneſs to raiſe;
Now—freely choſen in the Son,
I freely chooſe his ways:

"What ſhall I do," was then the word,
"That I might worthier grow?
"What ſhall I render to the Lord?"
Is my inquiry now.

To ſee the law by Chriſt fulfill'd,
To hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a ſlave into a child,
And duty into choice.

239. C. M.

Conformity to Jesus.

SINCE Christ has borne my sin and curse,
And suffer'd to atone,
Why am I then afflicted thus?
Why must I sigh and groan?

Why yet does rebel nature live?
And why this war within?
Why do the flesh and spirit strive?
Why do I yet feel sin?

What! must temptations still prevail,
And Satan sift my heart;
Whilst inbred lusts my mind assail,
And cause me grievous smart?

What! must my worldly aims be cross'd?
Denied my heart's desire?
What! must my character be lost,
And sensual joys expire?

Is there no way to glorify
Christ's death and honor'd name,
Unless unto myself I die,
And bear reproach and shame?—

Whene'er those thoughts oppress my heart,
I'm ready then to faint;
But, when I view my Savior's smart,
That stops each sad complaint.

Be still, my soul; this is the path;
This is the Christian race;
Conform'd to Jesus in his death,
We only live by grace.

THE CHRISTIAN.

240. 8, 7. SWAIN, *altered.*

The Conversion of a Sinner.

ON the brink of fiery ruin,
Juſtice, with a flaming ſword
Was my guilty ſoul purſuing,
When I firſt beheld my Lord.

"Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee
"With an everlaſting love;
"Juſtice has in me approv'd thee,
"Thou ſhalt dwell with me above."—

Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
When to golden harps they ſound;
Is the voice of ſins forgiven
To the ſoul by ſatan bound:

Sweet as angels harps in glory
Was that heav'nly voice to me,
When I ſaw my Lord, before me,
Bleed and die to ſet me free!—

Now, dear Lord, again diſcover
To my ſoul, that thou art mine;
Tell me, O thou heav'nly lover,
That I am for ever thine.

241. C. M. A.

Imploring Mercy.

JESUS, and didſt thou condeſcend
When veil'd in human Clay,

To heal the ſick, the lame, the blind,
And drive diſeaſe away?

And didſt thou pity wretched worms,
And make the leper whole?
O let thy pow'r and mercy heal
My ſin-diſeaſed ſoul!

Didſt thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to ſee?
Jeſus, thou Son of David, hear,
Have mercy too on me!

And didſt thou pity mortal woe,
And ſight and health reſtore?
Pity, O Lord! and ſave my ſoul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

And didſt thou ſave a trembling frame,
When ſinking in the wave?
I periſh Lord! O ſave my ſoul!
For thou alone canſt ſave.

242. C. M. WATTS's H.

The repenting Prodigal.

BEHOLD the wretch whoſe luſt and wine
Had waſted his eſtate,
He begs a ſhare among the ſwine,
To taſte the huſks they eat!

"I die with hunger here, (he cries)
"I ſtarve in foreign lands;
"My father's houſe has large ſupplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

" I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
" Fall down before his face;
" Father, I've done thy juſtice wrong,
" Nor can deſerve thy grace."

He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
To ſeek his father's love;
The father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The rebel's heart with ſorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

" Take off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,"
(The father gives command)
" Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
" With rings adorn his hand.

" A day of feaſting I ordain,
" Let mirth and joy abound;
" My ſon was dead, and lives again;
" Was loſt, and now is found."

243. L. M. WATTS's P.

The Penitent pleading for Pardon.

SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a vile helpleſs rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a ſinner truſt in thee?

My crimes are great, but not ſurpaſs
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O wash my ſoul from ev'ry ſin,
Make my polluted conſcience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And paſt offences pain my eyes.

Should ſudden vengeance ſeize my breath,
I muſt pronounce thee juſt in death;
And if my ſoul were ſent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet ſave a trembling ſinner, Lord,
Whoſe hope, ſtill hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on ſome ſweet promiſe there,
Some ſure ſupport againſt deſpair.

244. Chatham T. TOPLADY's Col.

The cry of a Heaven-born Soul.

O LOVE divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my longing heart
All taken up with thee?
O! may I pant and thirſt to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me!

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In my poor ſtony heart!
I want to taſte thy love divine;
This heav'nly portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever ſit
With Mary, at the Maſter's feet,
And in his love rejoice!
My only care, delight, and bliſs,

My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

Thy love alone may I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nor aught in heav'n above!
Let earth and all its trifles go;
Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

245. C. M. STEELE.

Confession and Pardon.

HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
O take the wand'rer home.

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love!

Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

246. C. M. WATTS's P.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly rays
That chaſe my fears away?

How long ſhall my poor lab'ring ſoul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And eaſe my raging pain.

See how the prince of darkneſs tries
All his malicious arts:
He ſpreads a miſt around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

Be thou my Sun, be thou my Shield;
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte before mine eyes are ſeal'd
In death's eternal ſleep.

How would the tempter boaſt aloud,
If I became his prey!
Behold the ſons of hell grow proud
At thy ſo long delay.

But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
And ſatan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my lips in praiſe,
And vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

247. L. M. WATTS'S P.

Deliverance from Temptation and Deſpair.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my ſtrength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
hy mighty arm ſhall be my truſt,
or I have found ſalvation thence.

eath, and the terrors of the grave,
ood round me with their diſmal ſhade,
/hile floods of high temptations roſe,
nd made my ſinking ſoul afraid.

ſaw the op'ning gates of hell,
/ith endleſs pains and ſorrows there;
/hich none but they that feel can tell,
/hile I was hurried to deſpair.

i my diſtreſs I call'd, "My God,"
/hen I could ſcarce believe him mine;
e bow'd his ear to my complaint;
hen did his grace appear divine.

/ith ſpeed he flew to my relief,
s on a cherub's wing he rode;
wful and bright as lightning, ſhone
he face of my deliv'rer God.

emptations fled at his rebuke,
he blaſt of his almighty breath:
e ſent ſalvation from on high,
nd drew me from the deeps of death.

reat were my fears, my foes were great,
uch was their ſtrength, and more their rage:
ıt Chriſt, my Lord, is conqu'ror ſtill,
i all the wars that devils wage.

My ſong for ever ſhall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy, and his pow'r.

248. Helmſley T. FAWCETT.

Caſt down, yet hoping.

O My ſoul, what means this ſadneſs?
Wherefore art thou thus caſt down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladneſs,
Bid thy reſtleſs fears be gone:
Look to Jeſus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

What tho' ſatan's ſtrong temptations
Vex and teize thee, day by day;
And thy ſinful inclinations
Often fill thee with diſmay;
Thou ſhalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

Tho' ten thouſand ills beſet thee
From without, and from within;
Jeſus ſaith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will ſave from hell and ſin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

Tho' diſtreſſes now attend thee,
And thou tread'ſt the thorny road;
His right hand ſhall ſtill defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praiſe him,
Praiſe the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly hoſt above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceaſing ſing his love;
Happy ſongſters:
When ſhall I your chorus join?

249. C. M. STEELE.

Deſiring Aſſurance of the Favor of God.

ETERNAL ſource of joys divine,
To thee my ſoul aſpires:
O could I ſay, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my ſoul deſires.

Thy ſmile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd;
Subſtantial bliſs without alloy,
And laſting as the mind.

Thy ſmile can gild the ſhades of woe,
Bid ſtormy trouble ceaſe;
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And ſweeten pain to peace.

My Hope, my Truſt, my Life, my Lord,
Aſſure me of thy love;
O ſpeak the kind tranſporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

Then ſhall my thankful pow'rs rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heav'nly rapture tune my voice
To ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

250. S. M. WATTS's H.

Panting after God.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the ſky
Can one delight afford:
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy preſence, Lord.

Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll;
The circle where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

251. Sevens.

Where do thy Flocks reſt at Noon?

TELL me, Savior from above,
Deareſt object of my love,
Where thy little flocks abide,
Shelter'd near thy bleeding ſide?

Say, my ſhepherd, all divine,
Where I may my ſoul recline?
Where for refuge ſhall I fly,
While the burning ſun is high?

Wilt thou let me run aſtray,
Mourning, grieving, all the day?
Wilt thou bear to ſee me rove,
Seek ſome baſe and mortal love?

Never had I ſought thy name,
Never felt the inward flame,
Had not love firſt touch'd my heart,
Gave the painful, pleaſant ſmart.

Didſt thou leave thy glorious throne,
Put a mortal raiment on,
As a curſed victim die,
For a wretch ſo vile as I?

Tell me, faireſt of the kind,
How to ſeek, and where to find;
Where to find thy promis'd reſt,
How to lean upon thy breaſt.

Turn, and claim me as thine own;
Be my portion, Lord, alone:
Deign to hear a ſinner's call.
Be my everlaſting all.

252. L. M. Lambeth T.

A Soul melted with Redeeming Love.

WHEN on my beloved I gaze,
So dazzling his beauties appear,
His charms ſo tranſcendently blaze,
The ſight is too melting to bear!

When from my own vileneſs I turn
To Jeſus, expos'd on the tree,
With ſhame and with wonder I burn,
To think what he ſuffer'd for me.

My ſins, oh how black they appear,
When in that dear boſom they meet!
Thoſe ſins were the nails and the ſpear,
That wounded his hands and his feet.

'Twas juſtice that wreath'd for his head
The thorns that encircled it round.
Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,
That mine might with glory be crown'd!

The wonderful love of his heart,
Where he has recorded my name,
On earth can be known but in part,
Heav'n only can bear the full flame.

In rivers of ſorrow it flow'd,
And flow'd in theſe rivers for me;
My ſins are all drown'd in his blood;
My ſoul is both happy and free.

253. C. M. TAUSMAN's Col.

Caſt down, but not deſtroyed.

NOW, in thy praiſe, eternal King,
Be all my thoughts employ'd;
Whilſt of this precious truth I ſing,
"Caſt down, but not deſtroy'd."

Oft the united pow'rs of hell
My ſoul have ſore annoy'd;
And yet I live, this truth to tell,
"Caſt down, but not deſtroy'd."

In all the paths thro' which I've paſs'd
What mercies I've enjoy'd!
And this ſhall be my ſong at laſt,
"Caſt down, but not deſtroy'd."

When I, with God, in heav'n appear,
There I ſhall him adore;
Deſtroy'd ſhall be my ſin and fear;
And I caſt down no more.

254. C. M. HART.

The Wiſh.

IF duſt and aſhes might preſume,
Great God, to talk with thee;
If in thy preſence can be room
For ſinful worms, like me;

I humbly would my *wiſh* preſent,
For *wiſhes* I have none:
All my deſires are now content
To be compris'd in one.

The ſingle boon I would intreat,
Is to be led by thee,
To gaze upon thy bloody ſweat
In ſad Gethſemane:

There, muſing on thy mighty love,
I always would remain:
Or but to Calvary remove,
Which finiſh'd all thy pain.

For this one favor oft I've ſought:
And, if this one be giv'n,
I aſk on earth no happier lot;
No happier lot in heav'n.

255. C. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

Paul's Experience.

WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While ſin and ſatan reign:
Now riſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light,
'Till perfect day ariſe:
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is my repoſe,
That *he*, my mortal frame who rear'd,
Its various weakneſs knows.

Thou view'ſt us, with a pitying eye,
While ſtruggling with our load:
In pains and danger *thou* art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

Supported by thy changeleſs love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry ſorrow ſhall remove,
And ev'ry ſin ſhall ceaſe.

The more my frailty here is try'd,
The more I toil and grieve,
The more thy grace is glorify'd,
Which *ſhall* the victʼry give!

256. C. M. NEWTON.

Doubting.

UNCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to ſalvation led;
I liſt'ned long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others ſaid.

When ſome of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was ſtupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor ſong.

The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Suppoſing all was right.

Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguiſh and diſmay;
Thro' what diſtreſſes they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at eaſe;
I wiſh'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like theſe.

I had my wiſh, the Lord diſclos'd
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked ſoul expos'd
To ſatan's fi'ry dart.

Alas! "I now muſt give it up,"
I cry'd in deep deſpair;
How could I dream of drawing hope,
From what I cannot bear.

Again my Savior brought me aid,
And when he ſet me free,
"Truſt ſimply on my word" he ſaid,
"And leave the reſt to me."

257. L. M. COWPER.

Believing and Doubting.

WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

I chide my unbelieving heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee!

O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn)
That God is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat!
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will;
Drives doubt, and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore all the praiſe receive;
Be ſhame, and ſelf abhorrence, mine.

258. C. M. HOSKINS.

A Believer's Complaint.

ALAS! my Lord my Love is gone,
My Savior hides his face,
And I am left to walk alone,
In this dark wilderneſs.

Once I enjoy'd his precious love:
How ſweetly did he ſmile!
But Oh! how painful his removs!
And what a tedious while!

In vain I read, in vain I pray,
Or hear ſalvation's word,
Unleſs a ſoul-reviving ray
Beam from my glorious Lord.

Yet would I truſt in him that dy'd!
For Jeſus is his name:
Yet would I in his grace confide,
For he is ſtill the ſame.

If once his grace renews the heart,
Jeſus will there remain;
He cannot finally depart,
But muſt return again.

Then, deareſt Lord, teach me to wait
Thy own appointed time,
Oh! change my captive mournful ſtate,
And witneſs thou art mine.

259. C. M

Abſence from God.

O Thou, whoſe tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble ſigh;
Whoſe hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From ſorrow's weeping eye:

See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
Haſt thou not ſaid, return?

And ſhall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only ſafe retreat.

Abſent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How deſolate my way!

O ſhine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy ſhine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taſte of joys divine.

Thy preſence only can beſtow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my ſolace here below,
And my eternal joy.

260. C. M. STEELE.

God the only Refuge of the troubled Mind.

DEAR Refuge of my weary ſoul,
On thee, when ſorrows riſe,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy word can bring a ſweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where ſhall I flee?
Thou art my only truſt;
And ſtill my ſoul would cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the duſt.

Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

No, ſtill the ear of ſov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
O may I ever find acceſs
To breathe my ſorrows there.

Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill;
Here let my ſoul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

261. L. M. HOSKINS.

A Prayer.

SAVIOR of ſinners, deign to ſhine
On this benighted ſoul of mine;
O ſhew my wand'ring feet the way,
That leads to realms of endleſs day.

Reveal the path of life and peace,
The road to pure and perfect bliſs:
Guide a poor pilgrim ſafely home;
Be thou my ſhield and conſtant ſun.

Thro' all the dangers of the night,
Day ſtar, ariſe, and give me light;
Shine with the beams of brighteſt grace,
'Till I behold thy cloudleſs face.

'Midſt all the dangers that await
My preſent militant eſtate,
Be thou, dear Jeſus, ever near,
My ſoul to keep, my heart to cheer.

And when I ſhall reſign my breath,
And walk the gloomy vale of death,
Then may I find the Lord my ſtay,
And thence to glory wing my way.

262. L. M.

Another.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou would'ſt have me do;
Suggeſt whate'er I think or ſay;
Direct me in the narrow way.

Prevent me, leſt I harbor pride,
Leſt I in my own ſtrength confide;
Shew me my weakneſs, let me ſee
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.

Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy ſignet put upon my breaſt,
And let thy Spirit on me reſt.

Aſſiſt, and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'ſt, that let me flee!
And only love what pleaſes thee.

O may I never do *my* will,
But *thine*, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways,
Be ſpent and ended to thy praiſe.

263. Sevens. HARRISON.

I will not let thee go except thou bleſs me.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent preſſing caſe.

Doſt thou aſk me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'ſt my name!
Yet the queſtion gives a plea
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a ſinner near deſpair
Sought thy mercy-ſeat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and ſet him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many days have paſt ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou!

Thou haſt help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead:
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Canſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

No—I muſt maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jeſus' ſake.

264. L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer anſwered by Croſſes.

I Aſk'd the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek, more earneſtly, his face.

I hop'd that in ſome favor'd hour,
At once he'd anſwer my requeſt;
And by his love's conſtraining pow'r,
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

Yea more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd;
Blaſted my gourds, and laid me low.

Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

"Theſe inward trials I employ,
"From ſelf and pride, to ſet thee free;
"And break thy ſchemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'ſt find thy *all* in me."

265. L. M.

The Requeſt.

THOU, who for ſinners once waſt ſlain,
Once dead, but now alive again;
Give me to know, to taſte, to prove,
The pow'r and ſweetneſs of thy love.

Give me to feel my ſins forgiv'n,
And know myſelf an heir of heav'n;
My conſcience ſprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

266. C. M. TOPLADY's Col.

Another.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliſs
Thy ſov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition riſe.

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From ev'ry murmur free:
"The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

"Let the ſweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy preſence thro' my journey ſhine,
"And crown my journey's end."

267. L. M.

Another. Newton Hymn 39.

MORE of thy preſence, Lord! impart;
More of thy image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon ſeal'd,
And thence derive my joy and ſtrength:
To ſee thy boundleſs love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant theſe requeſts—I aſk no more;
But to thy care the reſt reſign;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All ſhall be well if thou art mine.

268. L. M. BEDDOME.

Give us this Day our daily bread.

FOUNTAIN of bleſſing, ever bleſs,
Enriching all, of all poſſeſs'd;
By whom the whole creation's fed,
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

To thee my very life I owe;
From thee do all my comforts flow;
And ev'ry bleſſing, which I need,
Muſt from thy bounteous hand proceed.

Great things are not what I deſire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
Content with little would I be,
That little, Lord, muſt come from thee.

While wicked men, with all their ſtore,
Are ever graſping after more;
With Agur's wiſh I'm ſatisfy'd,
Nor grudge them all the world beſide.

269. As the 148th. NEWTON.

The Beggar.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor,
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help, or pity wants like mine.

I have no right to ſay,
That though I now am poor,

Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more:
Thou know'ſt that from my very birth
I've been, the pooreſt wretch on earth.

Nor can I dare profeſs,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my diſtreſs,
My faults have been but few:
If thou ſhouldſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I well deſerve.

Though crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a wretch as I;
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go,
I muſt have all thou canſt beſtow.

Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who like me,
Their want and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

270. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

STAND up, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel armour on;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.

What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fi'ry deeps, and endleſs night.

What tho' thine inward luſts rebel,
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins, and end the ſtrife.

Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe.

271. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Chriſtian Race.

AWAKE our ſouls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

True, 'tis a ſtraight and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

O mighty God, thy matchleſs pow'r,
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endleſs years,
Their everlaſting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Believers drink a freſh ſupply;
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
Oh may we mount to thine abode;
On wings of love to Jeſus fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

272. L. M. WATTS's H.

Publican and Phariſee.

BEHOLD how ſinners diſagree—
The publican and phariſee—
One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame:

The one at humble diſtance ſtands,
And owns the breach of God's commands;
The other riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent anſwers he beſtows:
The humble ſoul with grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting phariſee;
I have no merit of my own,
But plead the ſuff'rings of thy Son.

273. Helmſley T. ROBINSON.

The Pilgrim: or, Chriſt my Guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me 'till I want no more.

Open thou the cryſtal fountain,
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of death's, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide.
Songs of praiſes,
Will I ever give to thee.

274. As the 148th. Newton

Daniel and the three Worthies.

THE ſervant of the Lord,
Tho' in himſelf a worm,
Supported by the Word,
Can wond'rous acts perform;
Strong in his God, he boldly treads
Where'er the path of duty leads,

The haughty king, in vain,
With fury on his brow,
Believers would conſtrain
To golden gods to bow:
The furnace could not make them fear,
Becauſe they knew the Lord was near.

As vain was the decree
Which charg'd them not to pray;
Daniel ſtill bow'd the knee,
And worſhipp'd thrice a day;
Regardleſs heard the threats of men;
Nor dreaded he the lion's den.

Secure they might refuſe
Compliance with ſuch laws,
For what had they to loſe,
When God eſpous'd their cauſe?
He made the hungry lions crouch;
Nor durſt the fire his children touch.

The Lord is ſtill the ſame,
A mighty Shield and Tow'r;
And they who truſt his name
Are guarded by his pow'r:
He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear his people thro' the flame.

Yet ſaints too often ſhrink
When trials are in view;
And oft believers think
They never can get thro':
But could they on their God rely,
They would their foes and fears defy.

275. Chatham T.

Jonah's Prayer.

ALOUD I cry'd—aloud I pray'd,
When in the fiſhes belly laid,
And hell's deep gloom I ſaw!
The foaming billows daſh'd around,
But, oh, more awful ſtill I found
The terrors of thy law.

The ſea-weeds wrapp'd about my head,
The hoary deep thy wrath diſplay'd,
And ſtill increas'd my fear:
Wave follow'd wave with dreadful noiſe,
And ſeem'd to drown my feeble voice,
But yet my God could hear.

Could hear a guilty wretch complain,
And when I thought my ſighs were vain
A kind deliv'rance ſend:
Tho' flying from his gracious ſight,
I, rebel like, defy'd his might,
He prov'd the ſinner's friend.

The High and Lofty One look'd down,
The Lord took pity on his own,
And deign'd my life to ſave:
His injur'd goodneſs took my part,
His pity heal'd my broken heart,
His hand unlock'd my grave.

Thankſgiving, love, and humble praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Shall bow my grateful knee:
My gracious Savior, and my God,
I'll praiſe thee for thy chaſt'ning rod,
Which brought me back to thee.

278. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Perſecuted Chriſtian.
The Triumph of Faith.
Chriſt's unchangeable Love.

WHO ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls;
And mercy, like a mighty ſtream,
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.

Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd in their ſtead;
And the ſalvation to fulfil,
Behold him riſing from the dead!

He lives! he lives, and ſits above
For ever interceeding there:
Who ſhall divide us from his love?
Or what ſhall tempt us to deſpair?

Shall perſecution, or diſtreſs,
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Chriſt is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his mercy to remove,
From the dear objects of his love.

279. L. M. PEACOCK.

The Suffering Saint.

WHAT tender pity, love and care,
For ſuff'ring ſaints doth Jeſus bear;
While they his glorious name confeſs,
'Midſt perſecution and diſtreſs.

Tho' by th' oppreſſor's rod they ſmart,
See the Redeemer ſtill impart
His conſolations all divine,
With chearful beams their faces ſhine.

Thus Stephen the firſt martyr dies,
To truth a joyful ſacrifice;
To vindicate the cauſe of God,
He ſeals the goſpel with his blood.

Lo! on his countenance appears
Such radiance as an angel wears;
Reflected rays of glory bright,
Meet the ſpectator's wond'ring ſight.

Not death, with all its dread array,
His heav'n-born ſoul could e'er diſmay;
Jeſus, the ſaint expiring cheers,
And to his raptur'd ſight appears.

"Behold (he cries) heav'n's gates expand,
Exalted ſee at God's right hand,
The Son of man with glory crown'd,
And the bright Seraphim around."

Thus would the view of Jeſus' face,
Each fear diſarm, each terror chaſe;
Thus bleſt with joy, we yield our breath
Triumphing o'er the monſter, death.

280. C. M. WATTS's H.

The Martyrs glorified.

"THESE glorious minds, how bright
"they ſhine!
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy ſeats
"Of everlaſting day?"

From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jeſus' dying blood.

Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the Holy One.

The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongſt his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſures of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock,
Where living fountains riſe,
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

281. Sevens. Morton's Col.

The afflicted Believer encouraged.

WEEPING ſaint, no longer mourn:
Surely Chriſt thy griefs hath borne:
Jeſus, beſt of friends, for thee,
Number'd with tranſgreſſors, ſee!

He the wine-preſs trod alone—
Hear the Man of ſorrows groan!
Mock'd, and bruis'd, and crown'd with thorns
He his Father's abſence mourns.

All thy ſins, when Jeſus bled,
Met on his devoted head:
All thy hope on Jeſus place;
Plead his promiſe, truſt his grace.

At his feet thy burden lay;
Chriſt ſhall ſmile thy fears away:
He thy guilt and ſorrow bore—
Weeping ſaint, lament no more.

282. L. M. Newton.

Another.

BROUGHT ſafely by his hand thus far,
Wilt thou, deſponding chriſtian, fear?
How canſt thou want, if God provide,
Or loſe thy way, with ſuch a guide?

When firſt, before the mercy-ſeat,
Thou didſt to him thy *all* commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To truſt his wiſdom, love, and pow'r.

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And God refuſe to hear thee eall?
And hath he not his promiſe paſt,
That thou ſhalt overcome at laſt?

He, who has help'd thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey thro';
And give thee daily cauſe to raiſe
New eben-ezers to his praiſe.

283. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The tempted Believer encouraged.

NOW let the feeble all be ſtrong,
And make Jehovah's arm their ſong:
His ſhield is ſpread o'er ev'ry ſaint;
And thus ſupported, who ſhall faint?

What tho' the hoſts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage?
A faithful God reſtrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

Bound by his word, he will diſplay
A ſtrength proportion'd to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will ſhew a path of ſafe retreat.

Thus far we prove that promiſe good,
Which Jeſus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wiſe, and juſt;
And ſtill in him let Iſrael truſt.

284. S. M. TOPLADY.

*Weak Believers encouraged.**

YOUR harps, ye trembling ſaints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praiſe of Chriſt our Lord
Bid ev'ry ſtring awake.

Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our houſe above
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace ſhall to the end
Stronger and brighter ſhine;
Nor preſent things nor things to come,
Shall quench the ſpark divine.

The time of love will come,
When we ſhall clearly ſee
Not only that he ſhed his blood,
But each ſhall ſay, "for me."

Tarry his leiſure then;
Wait, the appointed hour;
Wait, till the bridegroom of your ſouls
Reveal his love with pow'r.

Bleſt is the man, O God,
That ſtays himſelf on thee!
Who waits for thy ſalvation, Lord,
Shall thy ſalvation ſee.

* *See alſo* 110.

235. C. M. WATTS's H.

The Compaſſion of Chriſt to the Weak and Tempted.

WITH joy commemorate the grace,
Of your high Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For He has felt the ſame.

But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his meaſure, feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame:
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy, and his pow'r;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

286. L M. Morton's Col.

A Prayer for Backſliders.

LORD, bring backſliders near thy throne,
And make thy loving-kindneſs known:
Thy ſaving ſtrength, O God, reſtore,
And guard them, that they fall no more.

Tho' they have griev'd thy ſpirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford;
And let, O let backſliders trace
The wonders of reſtoring grace.

So ſhall they own thy love is ſtrong;
Salvation ſhall be all their ſong;
And ſouls ſhall bleſs, for grace reveal'd,
The Lord, who their backſlidings heal'd.

287. Sevens.

The ſtraying Sheep prayed for.

PITY, Lord, a ſtraying ſheep,
Prone to wander from the fold;
Bring him back and ſafely keep,
In thine arms the ſtraggler hold:
Heal his wand'rings, Son of God,
Save the purchaſe of thy blood.

He thy paſture large and ſweet
Leaves, to roam the wilderneſs;
There he may the lion meet.
Thouſand foes his ſoul diſtreſs:
Wilt thou loſe him, Son of God,
Loſe the purchaſe of thy blood?

See the poor backſlider, ſee
  All defil'd his fleece and torn;
Loſt, he knows not where to flee,
  Wholly helpleſs, quite forlorn:
Heal his wand'rings, Son of God,
Save the purchaſe of thy blood.

Hark, he bleats, O hear his cry,
  Hunger he begins to know;
Ready to lie down and die,
  See, he ſinks beneath his woe:
Wilt thou loſe him, Son of God,
Loſe the purchaſe of thy blood?

Tho' he feels his wretched caſe,
  Yet he knows not how to mend;
He muſt periſh, if thy grace
  Does not move thee to befriend:
Heal his wand'rings, Son of God,
Save the purchaſe of thy blood.

Skill'd to ſtray, but ign'rant quite,
  When once loſt, to find his home;
Wand'ring on by day and night,
  Farther, farther ſtill he'd roam:
Wilt thou loſe him, Son of God,
Loſe the purchaſe of thy blood?

Lord, a wand'ring ſheep reſtore
  To thy paſtures, ever fair;
Keep him, leſt he wander more,
  Let thy love confine him there:
Heal his wand'rings, Son of God,
Save the purchaſe of thy blood.

288. C. M. NEWTON, *altered.*

The Chriſtian's Privileges.

HAPPY are they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers their ſpirits by his word;
His arm ſupports them well.

To ſuch, in each diſtreſſing hour,
A God of grace is near;
And as they plead his love and pow'r,
He ſtands engag'd to hear.

He ſav'd all thoſe, in ancient days,
Who truſted in his name;
And ſaints can witneſs, to his praiſe,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

His preſence ſweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light:
A word, from him, diſpels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord, may thy people highly prize
The tokens of thy love;
Till from the church below they riſe,
To join the church above.

289. S. M. HOSKINS.

The Chriſtian's Defence.

O How ſecure are thoſe,
That truſt Jehovah's pow'r!
He guards them from their num'rous foes,
And keeps them ev'ry hour.

On high his children dwell,
Salvation's their defence;
Nor can the wrath of earth or hell
E'er pluck his people thence.

Lord, keep my helpleſs ſoul
From ev'ry foe and fear:
The tumults of my heart controul,
And bring ſalvation near.

Be thou my ſhield and tow'r,
My help when dangers riſe:
Surround me with thy grace and pow'r,
Then take me to the ſkies.

There may I ever praiſe
My guardian and my God:
And worſhip him thro' endleſs days,
Who waſh'd me in his blood.

290. C. M. WATTS, *altered.*

The Christian's Safety.

IMMOVEABLE thy promiſe ſtands,
My Lord, my Hope, my Truſt:
If I am found in Jeſus' hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

His honor is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep:
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands ſecurely keep.

Nor death nor hell ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt:
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

Why do I then indulge my fears,
Suſpicions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and ſhall his grace
Grow weary of his ſaints?

Can a kind mother e'er forget
The fav'rite of her heart?
And, 'midſt a thouſand tender thoughts,
Her infant have no part?

Yet ſaith the Lord, ſhould nature change,
And mothers monſters prove;
Sion ſtill dwells upon the heart
Of everlaſting Love.

291. L. M. FAWCETT.

The Chriſtian Remembering all the Way the Lord has led him.

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate riſe,
And comforts mingle with my ſighs.

Thro' this wide wilderneſs I roam,
Far diſtant from my bliſsful home;
Lord, let thy preſence be my ſtay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And ſins and ſnares my peace deſtroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an abſent God I mourn.

My ſoul with various tempeſts toſs'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects croſs'd,
Sees ev'ry day new ſtraights attend,
And wonders where the ſcene will end.

Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are theſe the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderneſs below?

'Tis even ſo, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and ſelf muſt fall,
That Jeſus may be *all* in *all*.

292. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support in God's Covenant in the views of Death

WHAT mine! the cov'nant of his grace
And ev'ry promiſe mine!
All ſprung from everlaſting love,
And ſeal'd by blood divine.

On my unworthy favor'd head,
Its bleſſings all unite;
Bleſſings more num'rous than the ſtars,
More laſting and more bright.

Death, thou may'ſt tear this rag of fleſh,
And ſink my fainting head,
And lay my ruins in the grave,
Among my kindred dead:

But death and hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
To break that ſacred reſt,
Which God's expiring children feel,
While leaning on his breaſt.

Th' enlarged ſoul thou canſt not reach,
Nor rend from Chriſt away;
Tho' o'er my mould'ring duſt thou boaſt
The triumphs of a day.

The night is paſt, my morning dawns;
My cov'nant God deſcends,
And wakes that duſt to join my ſoul
In bliſs that never ends.

That cov'nant the laſt accents claims
Of this poor fault'ring tongue;
And that ſhall the firſt notes employ
Of my celeſtial ſong.

293. C. M. WATTS's H.

Looking out for Chriſt.

I Love the windows of thy grace,
Thro' which my Lord is ſeen;
And long to view my Savior's face,
Without a glaſs between.

The happy hour will quickly come,
That changes faith to ſight:
I ſhall behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light.

Haſte, my Beloved, and remove
Theſe interpoſing days:
Then ſhall my paſſions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praiſe.

Then King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to ſhew,
How God can dwell with men below.

Here, may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries,
And grateful praiſe aſcend
All fragrant to the ſkies:
Here may thy word melodious ſound,
And ſpread celeſtial joys around.

Here, may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the ſong
Of ſeraphim above,
And willing crouds ſurround thy board
With ſacred joy and ſweet accord.

Here, may our unborn ſons
And daughters found thy praiſe,
And ſhine like poliſh'd ſtones,
Thro' long ſucceeding days;
Here, Lord, diſplay thy ſaving pow'r,
While temples ſtand, and men adore.

297. C. M. NEWTON.

On opening a Place for ſocial Prayer,

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy preſence now diſplay;
As thou haſt giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within theſe walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conſcience eaſe,
The wounded ſpirit heal.

Shew us ſome token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raiſe;
And pour thy bleſſings from above,
That we may render praiſe.

And may the goſpel's joyful ſound
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many ſinners round,
To come and fill the place.

298. L. M. STENNETT.

Public Worſhip.

WHERE two or three, with ſweet accord,
Obedient to their ſov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer ſolemn pray'r and praiſe;

"There," ſays the Savior, "will I be,
"Amid this little company;
"To them unveil my ſmiling face,
"And ſhed my glories round the place."

We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now ſend thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

299. S. M. STENNETT.

The Pleaſures of ſocial Worſhip.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And ſheds his love abroad!

Not the fair palaces
To which the great reſort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jeſus holds his court.

Here on the mercy-ſeat,
With radiant glory crown'd
Our joyful eyes behold him ſit,
And ſmile on all around.

To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble ſoul preſents:
He liſtens to their broken ſighs,
And grants them all their wants.

To them his ſov'reign will
He graciouſly imparts:
And in return accepts with ſmiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bleſt abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The ſervants of my God.

300. C. M.

Going to Church.

FATHER of love, to thee I bend
My heart, and lift mine eyes;
O let my pray'r and praiſe aſcend
As odours to the ſkies.

Thy pard'ning voice I come to hear,
To know thee as thou art:
Thy miniſters can reach the ear,
But thou muſt touch the heart.

O ſtamp me in thy heav'nly mould,
And grant thy word apply'd
May bring forth fruit an hundred fold
And ſpeak me juſtified.

301. C. M.

God preſent at Public Worſhip.

MY ſoul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God reſorts!
'Tis heav'n to ſee his ſmiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

There, the great Sov'reign of the ſkies
His ſaving pow'r diſplays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

With his rich gifts, the heav'nly Dove
Deſcends and fills the place,
While Chriſt reveals his wond'rous love,
And ſheds abroad his grace

There, mighty God, thy words declare
The ſecrets of thy will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy mercy there,
And ſing thy praiſes ſtill.

To ſit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

Lord, at thy threſhold we would wait,
While Jeſus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of ſtate,
Or live in tents of ſin.

Could we command the ſpacious land,
And the more boundleſs ſea,
For one bleſs'd hour at thy right-hand,
We'd give them both away.

302. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Delight in Worſhip.

FAR from our thoughts, vain world be gone
Let our religious hours alone;
Fain would our eyes our Savior ſee:
We wait a viſit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure deſire;
Come, our dear Jeſus, from above,
And feed our ſouls with heav'nly love.

The trees of life immortal ſtand
In fragrant rows at thy right-hand,
And in ſweet murmurs by their ſide
Rivers of bliſs perpetual glide.

O come, and with a ſmiling face,
Come, ſpread the tables of thy grace:
Bring down a taſte of truth divine,
And cheer our hearts with ſacred wine.

Bleſt Jeſus, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte, above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
That eyes have ſeen, or angels known!

303. C. M. STEELE.

Intreating the Preſence of Chriſt.

COME, thou deſire of all thy ſaints,
Our humble ſtrains attend,
While with our praiſes and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy ſuff'rings trace,
What ſweetly awful ſcenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

How ſhould our ſongs, like thoſe above,
With warm devotion riſe!
How ſhould our ſouls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the ſkies!

But ah! the ſong, how cold it flows!
How languid our deſire!
How faint the ſacred paſſion glows,
'Till thou the heart inſpire!

Come Lord, thy love alone can raiſe
In us the heav'nly flame;
Then ſhall our lips reſound thy praiſe,
Our hearts adore thy name.

Dear Savior, let thy glory ſhine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
'Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heav'n on earth appear.

Then ſhall our hearts enraptur'd ſay,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

304. S. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Lord's Day.

WELCOME ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe:
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!

Welcome ye ſaints of God,
To feaſt on Jeſus' love;
Ye happy ſouls, redeem'd by blood,
Welcome this grace to prove!

The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Hear we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

One day, amidſt the place
Where my dear Lord is ſeen,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of vanity and ſin.

My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſweetly ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

305. S. M. HOSKINS.

Another.

TO-DAY the Savior roſe;
Our Jeſus left the dead;
He conquer'd our tremendous foes,
And ſatan captive led.

Rejoice, ye ſons of God!
Ye heirs of heav'n, rejoice!
Sound your Redeemer's love abroad
With cheerful hearts and voice!

Tell what the Lord hath done
For Adam's guilty race;
Sing the bright conqueſt he hath won,
And triumph in his grace.

He left his glorious throne,
And all the bliſs above,
To make Jehovah's counſels known:
The purpoſe of his love.

For us, his life he paid;
For us, the law fulfill'd;
On him our loads of guilt were laid;
We by his ſtripes are heal'd.

Ye ſaints, adore his name,
Who hath ſuch mercy ſhown;
Ye ſinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praiſes known.

306. As the 146th.

Lord's Day Morning.

AWAKE, our drowſy ſouls,
Shake off each ſlothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our nobleſt ſongs demand:
Auſpicious morn! thy bliſsful rays
Bright Seraphs hail in ſongs of praiſe.

At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death reſign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd.
Th' angelic hoſt around him bends;
Amidſt their ſhouts the God aſcends.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heav'n with hoſannas rings;
While earth, in humbler ſtrains
Thy praiſe reſponſive ſings:
Worthy art thou, who once waſt ſlain,
Through endleſs years to live and reign.

Gird on, great God, thy ſword,
Aſcend thy conqu'ring car,
While juſtice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou, thy foes ſhalt tread,
And ſin and hell in triumph lead.

Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With ſalutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:

Then dying ſouls for life ſhall ſue,
Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

307. Sevens. NEWTON, *altered.*

Another.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bleſſing ſeek
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the beſt;
Emblem of eternal reſt!

While we ſeek ſupplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciling face,
Shine away our ſin and ſhame;
From our worldly cares ſet free;
May we reſt this day in thee.

Here we're come thy name to praiſe;
Let us feel thy preſence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy houſe appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taſte
Of our everlaſting feaſt.

May the goſpel's joyful ſound
Conquer ſinners, comfort ſaints;
May the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our ſabbaths prove,
'Till we join the church above.

308. C. M. TAYLOR's Col.

A Morning Hymn.

JESUS, thou all-ſuſtaining Word,
My drooping ſpirit's prop;
After thy lovely likeneſs, Lord,
O when ſhall I wake up?

Thou, deareſt Lord, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my ſoul, inſtruct my heart,
My ſinking footſteps ſtay.

Of all thou haſt, on earth below,
In heav'n above, to give;
Give me thy bleſſed ſelf to know,
In thee to walk and live:

Fill me with all the life of love,
In ſacred union join
Me to thyſelf, and let me prove
The fellowſhip divine.

The holy intercourſe begun
Between my ſoul and thee,
Enlarge, O Lord, and carry on,
Thro' all eternity.

309. Sevens. BRADFORD's Col.

An Evening Hymn.

THOU muſt, Lord, my heart prepare,
Elſe I offer lifeleſs pray'r:
Teach me, therefore, how to pray,
Deeply feeling what I ſay.

With my burden I'd begin;
Save me from the pow'r of ſin;
Let thy blood, for ſinners ſpilt,
Keep my conſcience free from guilt;

As I lay me down to reſt,
Let me lean upon thy breaſt;
Let my ſoul enjoy thy light;
Keep me ſafe from harms this night!

While I am a pilgrim here
Let thy love my ſpirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do;
Ev'ry hour my ſtrength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die thy people's death.

310. C. M. M.

Another.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love ariſe;
Aſſiſt us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening ſacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More ſwift and free than they.

New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new ſong require;
'Till we ſhall praiſe thee as we would,
Accept our hearts deſire.

Lord of our days, whoſe hand hath ſet
New time upon our ſcore;
Thee may we praiſe for all our time,
When time ſhall be no more.

311. L. M.

Morning; or, Evening.

O God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtill like early dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping hours:
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our dormant pow'rs.

Lord, may we bow to thy command!
To thee ſtill conſecrate our days!
Perpetual bleſſings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

312. Sevens. Newton

Before Prayer.

COME, my ſoul, thy ſuit prepare;
Jeſus loves to anſwer pray'r:
All thy wants before him lay;
Chriſt himſelf has bid thee pray.

Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
Jeſus' grace and pow'r are ſuch,
Thou canſt never aſk too much.

313. Sevens. Evans's Col.

Before Sermon.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord, in vain?

In thy own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy ſpirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

Grant that all may ſeek and find
Thee a God ſupremely kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

314. Helmſley T.

Another.

DEAREST Savior, help thy ſervant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bleſs, O bleſs them,
From thy ſhining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the goſpel-feaſt:

Let thy Spirit ſweetly draw them;
Ev'ry ſoul be Jeſus' gueſt!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt.

315.

After Sermon.

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd by thy word.
In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And chearfully join in a concert of praiſe.
The ancient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.
The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad
The language of mercy, ſalvation thro' blood.
Thrice happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this happy day!
Their anguiſh and ſmart
And ſorrow depart,
Who find his ſalvation inſcrib'd on their heart.
This bleſſing be mine,
Through favor divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.
The work is of grace;
Thine, thine be the praiſe,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

316. Helmsley T.

Another.

COME, thou ſoul-transforming Spirit,
Bleſs the ſower and the ſeed
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raiſe the weak, the hungry feed
From the goſpel
Now ſupply thy people's need.

O may all enjoy the bleſſing,
Which thy word's deſign'd to give;
Let us all, thy love poſſeſſing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And for ever
To thy praiſe and glory live.

317. L. M. Bradford, *altered.*

At Meeting.

SAVIOR, be pleas'd to meet us here;
Now may we find and feel thee near;
The ſpeaker, Lord, and hearers bleſs;
And crown thy word with great ſucceſs.

Oft as thy people here may meet,
To worſhip at thy mercy-ſeat,
Upon their ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine,
And fill their hearts with love divine.

Here, Lord, thine holy arm reveal:
And may th' awaken'd ſinner feel
That he, who firſt did wound his heart,
Can health, and peace, and joy impart.

O, thou dear Shepherd of the ſheep,
Haſt thou not here a flock to keep?
Teach them thy charming voice to know;
Lead them where living waters flow.

As all thy ſheep are one in thee,
Keep them in peace and unity:
O give them all one heart and mind!
Make them affectionate and kind!

And may our converſation prove
The ſweet conſtraining force of love!
May grace reſtrain corruption's pow'r,
'Till ſin and ſorrow be no more!

318. Sevens. HILL's Col,

At Parting.

FOR a ſeaſon call'd to part,
Let us now ourſelves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-preſent Friend.

Jeſus, hear our humble pray'r!
Tender Shepherd of thy ſheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our ſouls in ſafety keep.

In thy ſtrength may we be ſtrong,
Sweeten ev'ry croſs and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

Then, if thou thy help afford,
Eben-ezers ſhall be rear'd;
And our ſouls ſhall praiſe the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

119. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

lic Service preceding the Lord's Supper.

HE King of heav'n his table ſpreads,
And dainties crown the board;
paradiſe, with all its joys,
ould ſuch delight afford.

on and peace to dying men,
nd endleſs life are giv'n;
' the rich blood that Jeſus ſhed
o raiſe the ſoul to heav'n.

ungry poor, that long have ſtray'd
ſin's dark mazes, come;
e, from your moſt obſcure retreats,
id grace ſhall find you room.

ons of ſouls, in glory now,
ere fed, and feaſted here;
millions more, ſtill on the way,
ound the *board* appear.

is his houſe and heart ſo large,
iat millions more may come,
could the whole aſſembled world
er-fill the ſpacious room.

hings are ready, come away,
or weak excuſes frame;
d to your places at the feaſt,
id bleſs the founder's name.

320. C. M. STEELE.

Another.

YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore,
For ev'ry willing gueſt.

See, Jeſus ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room.

Room in the Savior's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In ecſtaſies unknown.

And yet ten thouſand thouſand more,
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

21. Helmſley T. WHITEFIELD's Col.

At Diſmiſſion,

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us now thy love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refreſh us!
Trav'lling through this wilderneſs.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the goſpel's joyful ſound;
May the fruits of thy ſalvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy preſence
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the ſignal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heav'n,
Glad the ſummons to obey,
May we ever,
Reign with Chriſt in endleſs day.

322. L. M.

Another.

DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiſs forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Waſh all our works in Jeſus' blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all depart in peace.

323. C. M.

Another.

FATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down:
Let him reſide in ev'ry heart,
And bleſs the ſeed that's ſown.

Thou Fountain of Eternal Love,
Who gav'ſt thy Son to die;
Let thy ſweet Unction, from above,
Enlighten and apply.

324. L. M.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

WHO is the trembling ſinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?
Who mourns his ſin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

Peace, troubled ſoul, diſmiſs thy fear,
Hear, Jeſus ſpeaks, be of good cheer,
Upon his grace and work rely,
And thou ſhalt never, never die.

THE DEVIL.

325. L. M. WATTS's H.

Michael's War with the Dragon.

LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heav'n when Michael ſtood
Chief gen'ral of th' Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

ıinſt the dragon and his hoſt
he armies of the Lord prevail:
ain they rage, in vain they boaſt;
heir courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

'n to the earth was ſatan thrown;
own to the pit his legions fell;
n was the trump of triumph blown,
nd ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.

' is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
hrift has aſſum'd his reigning pow'r;
ɔld the great accuſer caſt
own from the ſkies, to riſe no more.

ıs by thy blood, immortal Lamb!
hine armies trod the tempter down;
ıs by thy word, and pow'rful name,
ıey gain'd the battle and renown.

ice, ye heav'ns; let ev'ry ſtar
ine with new glories round the ſky:
s, while ye ſing the heav'nly war,
ıiſe your deliv'rer's name on high.

326. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

ry over Satan by the Blood of the Lamb.

E the old dragon from his throne
Sink with enormous ruin down!
ſh'd from heav'n, and doom'd to dwell
in the fiery gloom of hell!

eav'ns, with all your hoſts, rejoice:
ıints, in concert lend your voice:

Approach your Lord's victorious feet,
And tread the foe beneath your feet.

But whence a conqueſt ſo divine
Gain'd by ſuch feeble hands as mine?
Or whence can ſinful mortals boaſt
O'er ſatan and his rebel-hoſt?

'Twas from thy blood, thou ſlaughter'd Lam
That all our palms and triumphs came;
Thy croſs, thy ſpear, inflicts the ſtroke,
By which the monſter's head is broke.

Thy faithful word our hope maintains
Thro' all our combat and our pains;
The accents of thy heav'nly breath
Thy ſoldiers bear thro' wounds and de

Triumphant Lamb, in worlds unkno
With tranſport round thy radiant th
Thy happy legions, all complete,
Shall lay their laurels at thy feet.

327. L. M.

Satan Repulſed.

'TIS falſe thou vile accuſer, g
I ſee thro' all the thin diſg
Back, to thy native realms below
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

Think not to drive my trembling
Laden with guilt, to black deſp
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the ſacred r
And found my name not writte

Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's ſov'reign reign;
What other happy ſouls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

I own my guilt, thy charge confeſs,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore.

Set the black liſt before my ſight;—
While I remember Jeſus dy'd,
'Twill only urge my ſpeedier flight
To ſeek ſalvation at his ſide.

Low at his feet I'll caſt me down,
To him reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if he ſpurns me from his throne,
I'll be the firſt who periſh'd there.

THE WORLD.

328. L. M. BLACKMORE.

Vanity of the World.

WHAT are poſſeſſions, fame, and pow'r,
The boaſted ſplendor of the great?
What gold, which dazzl'd eyes adore,
And ſeek with endleſs toils and ſweat?

xpreſs their charms, declare their uſe,
That we their merit may deſcry;
ell us what good they can produce,
Or what important want ſupply?

If, wounded with the ſenſe of ſin,
To them for pardon we ſhould pray,
Will they reſtore our peace within,
And waſh our guilty ſtains away?

Can they celeſtial life inſpire,
Nature with pow'r divine renew,
With pure and ſacred tranſports fire
Our boſoms, and our luſts ſubdue?

When with the pangs of death we ſtrive,
And yield all comforts here for loſt,
Will they ſupport us, will they give
Kind ſuccour, when we need it moſt?

When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we ſtand,
Can they incline the Judge to ſpare,
Or wreſt the vengeance from his hand?

Can they protect us from deſpair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliſs, and throne us where
The juſt, in joys immortal dwell?

Sinners, your idols we deſpiſe,
If theſe reliefs they cannot grant;
Why ſhould we ſuch deluſions prize,
And pine in everlaſting want?

329. L. M.

Another.

IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my ſoul can never reſt,
For earth can never make me bleſt.

Can laſting happineſs be found
Where ſeaſons roll their haſty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleaſures out of ſight?

Ariſe my thoughts, my heart ariſe,
Leave this low world and ſeek the ſkies;
There joys for ever, ever laſt,
When ſeaſons, days and hours are paſt.

Come, Lord, thy pow'rful grace impart,
Thy grace can raiſe my wand'ring heart
To pleaſures, perfect and ſublime,
Unmeaſur'd by the wings of time.

Let thoſe bright worlds of endleſs joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ;
No more, ye reſtleſs paſſions, roam,
God is my bliſs, and heav'n my home.

330. C. M.

Erring World, &c.

IN vain the erring world enquires
For ſome ſubſtantial good;
While earth confines their low deſires,
They live on airy food.

Illuſive dreams of happineſs
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinc'd their boaſted bliſs
Was viſionary joy.

Be gone, ye gilded vanities;
I ſeek ſome ſolid good;
To real bliſs my wiſhes riſe,
The favor of my God.

Immortal joy thy ſmiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray;
One glimpſe of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

Not all the good, which earth beſtows,
Can fill the craving mind:
Its higheſt joys have mingl'd woes,
And leave a ſting behind.

Should boundleſs wealth increaſe my ſtore,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I ſhould be wretched ſtill, and poor,
Without thy bliſsful ſmile.

Grant, O my God, this one requeſt;
Oh, be thy love alone
My ample portion—here I reſt,
For heav'n is in the boon.

WICKED MEN.*

331. C. M. WATTS's P.

The Wicked Man; or, Pride and Death.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To inſolence and pride,
To ſee his wealth and honors flow
With ev'ry riſing tide?

Why doth he treat the poor with ſcorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame clay,
And boaſt as tho' his fleſh was born
Of better duſt than they?

* *See* 391. 408.

Not all his treaſures can procure
His ſoul a ſhort reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

Life is a bleſſing can't be ſold,
The ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd by gold,
That man may never die.

He ſees the brutiſh and the wiſe,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their poſſeſſions, cloſe their eyes,
And haſten to the grave.

Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My houſe ſhall ever ſtand:
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his memory dies!
His name is written in the duſt
Where his own carcaſe lies.

332. S. M. Hoskins.

The Hypocrite.

LET hypocrites attend,
And view their awful ſtate;
Conſider well their latter end,
Before it be too late.

Religion's form how vain,
Whilſt we deny its pow'r!
What will the hypocrite obtain,
In death's tremendous hour?

Now he may credit gain,
And in his thouſands roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God ſhall take his ſoul.

Then, O what dread ſurpriſe,
What horror and diſmay;
When death ſhall open wide his eyes,
And tear his maſk away!

Lord, ſearch, and know my heart,
And make my ſoul ſincere;
Bid all hypocriſy depart,
And keep my conſcience clear.

THE CHURCH.

333. L. M. WATTS's P.

Chriſt and his Church.

THE King of ſaints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations by his love.

At his right hand our eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt gold:
Angels admire her heav'nly dreſs,
Her robe of perfect righteouſneſs.

He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and ſeats her near his throne:
Fair ſtranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

O happy hour! when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies,
And all thy ſons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

Let endleſs honors crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread:
While we with cheerful ſongs approve
The condeſcenſions of his love.

334. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Church's Requeſt and Complaint.

WHO is this fair one in diſtreſs,
That travels from the wilderneſs,
And preſs'd with ſorrows and with ſins,
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans?

This is the ſpouſe of Chriſt our God,
Bought with the treaſures of his blood;
And her requeſt, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry ſaint.

" O let my name engraven ſtand
" Both on thy heart, and on thy hand:
" Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
" That pledge of love for ever there.

" Stronger than death thy love is known,
" Which floods of wrath could never drown;
" And hell and earth in vain combine
" To quench a fire ſo much divine.

" But I am jealous of my heart,
" Left it ſhould from my Love depart;
" O let thy name be well impreſs'd
" As a fair ſignet on my breaſt.

" Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
" Where fears and doubts can never come;
" Thy count'nance let me often ſee,
" And often thou ſhalt hear from me.

" Come, my Beloved, haſte away,
" Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay,
" Fly like a youthful hart or roe
" Over the hills where ſpices grow."

335. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Chriſt.

KIND is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord,
Affection ſounds in ev'ry word;
" Lo, thou art fair my love! (he cries;)
" Not the young doves have ſweeter eyes.

" Sweet are thy lips, thy pleaſing voice
" Salutes mine ear with ſacred joys;
" No ſpice ſo much delights the ſmell,
" Nor milk nor honey taſte ſo well.

" Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
" I can behold no ſpot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs;
To put a comlineſs on worms!

Defil'd and loathſome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dreſs,
His graces and his righteouſneſs.

My ſiſter, and my ſpouſe," (he cries)
Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
In ſtrong delight and pleaſing chains."

e calls us from the leopard's den,
om this wide world of beaſts and men,
Sion, where his glories are;
ot Lebanon is half ſo fair.

or dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
or earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
ould hold our feet, or force our ſtay,
hen Chriſt invites our ſouls away.

336. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Love of Chriſt to the Church.

NOW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he ſays,
How fair my ſaints are in my ſight!
My Love, how pleaſant for delight!"

ind is thy language, ſov'reign Lord,
here's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word!
om that dear mouth a ſtream divine
lows ſweeter than the choiceſt wine.

ich wond'rous love awakes the lip
f ſaints that were almoſt aſleep,
o ſpeak the praiſes of thy name,
nd make our cold affections flame.

heſe are the joys he lets us know,
1 fields and villages below,
ives us a reliſh of his love,
ut keeps his nobleſt feaſt above.

In paradiſe, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in ſtore,
Where we ſhall feed, but thirſt no more.

337. L. M. WATTS's H.

Chriſt appearing to his Church, &c.

THE voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and ſeas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

Now, thro' the veil of fleſh, I ſee
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the goſpel's cleareſt glaſs
He ſhews the beauties of his face.

Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Riſe, (ſaith my Lord,) make haſte away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay.

"The Jewiſh wintry ſtate is gone,
"The miſts are fled, the ſpring comes on;
"The ſacred Turtle-Dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

"Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly root,
"Bloſſoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
Lo, we are come to taſte the wine;
Our ſouls rejoice and bleſs the Vine.

And when we hear our Jeſus ſay,
"Riſe up my love, make haſte away!"
Our hearts would fain out fly the wind,
And leave all earthly joys behind.

338. L. M. WATTS's P.

God's Protection of his Church.

ET Zion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms riſe;
: utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

e Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is ſtill our aid:
hold the works his hand has wrought,
What deſolations he has made.

om ſea to ſea, thro' all the ſhores,
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe:
hen from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

: breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame:
ep ſilence, all the earth, and hear
The ſound and glory of his name.

Be ſtill, and learn that I am God;
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands:
[will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But ſtill my throne in Zion ſtands."

Lord of hoſts, almighty King!
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell,
ır faith ſhall ſit ſecure and ſing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

339. C. M. NEWTON.

The City of Zion.

ZION's a city built of God,
How glorious is the place!
The Savior there hath his abode;
There ſaints behold his face.

Firm againſt ev'ry adverſe ſhock
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
Fix'd on an everlaſting rock,
And wall'd around with love.

There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow,
The ſoul to ſatisfy.

Come, ſet your faces Zion-ward;
The ſacred road enquire;
And may an union to the Lord
Become your own deſire.

The goſpel ſhines with cleareſt light;
No longer, then, delay:
The Lord himſelf ſhall guide you right,
And Jeſus is the way.

340. L. M. WATTS's H.

The Church a Garden.

ZION's a garden wall'd around,
Choſen, and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

Like ſpicy trees believers ſtand;
Planted by God the Father's hand:
And all the ſprings in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come!
Blow on thy garden of perfume:
Spirit divine, deſcend, and breath
A gracious gale on plants beneath!

Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our Savior God:
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here!

341. C. M. RIPPON's Sel.

At an experience Meeting.

THERE's joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When Prodigals return,
Whene'er deſponding ſouls rejoice,
And haughty ſinners mourn.

"Come ſaints, and hear what God hath done,"
Is a reviving ſound:
O may it ſpread from ſea to ſea,
E'en all the globe around.

Often, O ſov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day:
That Jeſus here may ſee his ſeed,
And ſatan loſe his prey.

Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praiſes too,
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Give thee the glory due.

342. S. M. HOSKINS.

On the admiſſion of Members.

TO our Redeemer's praiſe
Ye ſaints, your tongues employ,
To him aloud your voices raiſe,
And tell the Church your joy.

The God that made your frame,
And guards your fleeting hours,
Expects that you his love proclaim
With all your nobleſt pow'rs.

He choſe you in his Son,
E'er time began its rounds,
And notwithſtanding all you've done,
Your life with mercy crowns.

He call'd you by his grace,
When in deſtruction's road,
Inclin'd your hearts to ſeek his face,
And plead his pard'ning blood.

The dear Redeemer brought
His great ſalvation near,
And now your hearts and lips are taught
His goodneſs to declare.

Dear Lord, accept the praiſe
We offer to thy name,
And let the remnant of our days
Thy wond'rous love proclaim.

343. 8. 7. RADFORD'S Col.

When deſtitute of a Miniſter.

HAPPY ſoul, who hears and follows
Jeſus ſpeaking in his word!
Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
All are his in Chriſt the Lord.
Ev'ry ſtate, howe'er diſtreſſing,
Shall be profit in the end;
Ev'ry ordinance a bleſſing;
Ev'ry providence a friend.

Chriſtians, do you want a teacher,
Helper, counſellor, and guide?
Would you find a proper preacher?
Aſk your God, and he'll provide.
Build on no man's parts or merit;
But obſerve the goſpel plan:
Jeſus ſends his Holy Spirit,
And the Spirit ſends the man.—

Bleſs, dear Lord, each lab'ring ſervant;
Bleſs the work they undertake;
Make them able, faithful, fervent;
Bleſs them for thy church's ſake.
All things for our good are given,
Comforts, croſſes, ſtaffs, or rods;
All is ours in earth and heaven;
We are Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's.

344. L. M.

Another.

SHEPHERD of Iſrael, bend thine ear,
Thy ſervants groans indulgent hear;

Perplex'd, diſtreſs'd, to thee we cry,
And ſeek the guidance of thine eye.

Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footſteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, ſuſtain,
Nor let us ſeek thy face in vain.

Return, in ways of peace, return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our bleſs'd eyes a Shepherd ſee,
Dear to our ſouls, and dear to thee.

345. Sevens. BRADFORD'S Col.

On ſending a Brother into the Miniſtry.—
On ſending a Miſſionary, &c.

HEARLD of the King of kings,
Preach the peace the goſpel brings;
Loud extol th' incarnate God,
Preach the virtue of his blood.

Celebrate with ev'ry breath
Jeſus' all-atoning death;
Praiſe the ſaints unſpotted dreſs,
Chriſt's imputed righteouſneſs.

Speak of free electing grace,
Shining in Immanuel's face;
Speak of Jeſus' ſaving name,
Which for ever is the ſame.

And let us in prayers join,
Bleſſing, praiſing love divine;
Never be aſham'd to tell
Chriſt hath ſav'd our ſouls from hell.

346. Sevens. BRADFORD'S Col.

An Ordination Hymn.

WOULD you win a ſoul to God?
Tell him of the Savior's blood;
Say how Jeſus' bowels move;
Tell him of redeeming love.

Tell him how the ſtreams did glide
From his hands, his feet, and ſide;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in ſorrow drown'd.

Tell him how he ſuffer'd death;
Freely yielded up his breath;
Dy'd, and roſe to intercede
As our High Prieſt and our Head.

Tell him that 'twas ſov'reign grace
Wrought on you to ſeek his face;
Made you chooſe the better part,
Brought ſalvation to your heart.

Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jeſus makes us free;
Sweetly ſpeak of ſins forgiv'n,
Earneſt of the joys of heav'n.

347. L. M. FRANCIS.

At a Meeting of Miniſters.

BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy miniſters their tribute bring,
Their tribute of united praiſe
For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

We ſing the conqueſts of thy ſword,
And publiſh loud thy healing word:
While angels ſound thy glorious name,
Thy ſaving grace our lips proclaim.

Thy various ſervice we eſteem
Our ſweet employ, our bliſs ſupreme;
And while we feel thy heav'nly love,
We burn like ſeraphim above.

Nor ſeraphs there can ever raiſe
With us, an equal ſong of praiſe:
They are the nobleſt work of God,
But we—the purchaſe of his blood.

Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plow the ground:
Thy ſheep with wholeſome paſture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

Thou art our Lord, our Life, our Love,
Our Care below, and Crown above:
Thy praiſe ſhall be our beſt employ,
Thy preſence our eternal joy.

348. C. M. RIPPON's Sel.

The Increaſe of the Church promiſed and pleaded.

FATHER, is not thy promiſe pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth
Thy word of life ſhall run?

"Aſk, and I give the heathen lands
"For thine inheritance,
"And to the world's remoteſt ſhores
"Thine empire ſhall advance."

Haſt thou not ſaid the ſcatter'd Jews
  Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his ſtandard crowd,
  And bow before his throne?

Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
  Under th' expanſe of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
  Without exemption giv'n?

From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
  Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, ſhout
  Hoſannahs to thy Lord!

Aſia and Africa, reſound
  From ſhore to ſhore his fame;
And thou, America, in ſongs
  Redeeming love proclaim!

349. L. M. NEWTON.

The Happineſs of God's Iſrael.

WITH Iſrael's God who can compare?
  Or who like Iſrael happy are?
O people ſaved by the Lord,
He is thy Shield and great Reward.

Upheld by everlaſting Arms,
Thou art ſecur'd from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and falſe their boaſts,
Our refuge is the Lord of Hoſts.

350. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Another.

O Iſrael, bleſt beyond compare!
Unrival'd all thy glories are:
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine int'reſt all his own.

He is thy Savior; he thy Lord;
His ſhield is thine; and thine his ſword;
Review in ecſtacy of thought
The grand redemption he has wrought.

From ſatan's yoke he ſets thee free,
Opens thy paſſage thro' the ſea;
He thro' the deſart is thy guide,
And heav'n for Canaan will provide.

Not Jacob's ſons of old could boaſt
Such favors to their choſen hoſt;
Their glories, which thro' ages ſhine,
Are but dim ſhades, and types of thine.

Celeſtial Spirit, teach our tongues
Sublimer ſtrains than Moſes' ſongs,
Proportion'd to the ſweeter name
Of God the Savior, and the Lamb.

BAPTISM.

351. As the old 112th.

Chriſt Baptized in Jordan.

IN Jordan's tide the Baptiſt ſtands,
Immerſing the repenting Jews;

BAPTISM.

The Son of God the rite demands,
  Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

Wonder, ye heav'ns! your Maker lies
  In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
  A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

But lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
  What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,
  And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the Pow'r divine
Around the Savior's temples shine.

But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
  What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
  But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well-beloved Son,
"I see well-pleas'd what he hath done."

Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
  Who shakes creation with a nod;
Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
  And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

352. As the 148th. FELLOWS.

Another.

SWIFT time the ſpace had run,
In heav'nly councils known,
When God's eternal Son,
Should leave his ſtarry throne;
In human form, on earth to dwell;
To ſave his choſen ones from hell.

A voice the deſert rends;
The hills return the ſound;
A God! a God deſcends!
Prepare the way around!
Repent! confeſs your num'rous ſins!
Meſſiah comes, his reign begins!

To Jordan goes the God,
Where his great Herald ſtands;
And at the ſwelling flood
Baptiſmal rites demands;
Beneath the tide quick he deſcends;
The great event all heav'n attends.

The parting waves retire;
My ſoul, behold him riſe!
Floods of applauſive fire
Flow down the op'ning ſkies:
While on his head the heavn'ly Dove
Deſcends, and ſheds bright beams of love

An heav'nly voice on high,
The wond'ring nation heard,
Proclaim him thro' the ſky,
And bid him be rever'd:

" This is my well beloved Son;
" And pleas'd I view what he hath done."

Yes, Lord, we will revere
Thy great commanding voice;
Thy only Son we'll hear,
And make his ways our choice.
O Lamb of God, how safe are we,
In paths mark'd out and trod by thee.

353. L. M. PEACOCK.

Christ's Commission to his Apostles.

WHEN Jesus rose and left the dead,
To his Apostles thus he said;—
" All pow'r to me in earth and heav'n,
" Is by supreme commission giv'n.

" Go, spread my gospel's heav'nly light,
" And all the nations proselyte;
" Let the whole earth the tidings hear:
" Regions and kingdoms far and near.

" To them the great salvation preach,
" To them my laws and doctrine teach;
" And they who in my name believe,
" Shall everlasting life receive.

" The name of the great sacred Three,
" Pronounc'd on the baptiz'd shall be;
" But wrath and condemnation lies
" On those who dare my grace despise

357. Chatham T.

The Soul conquered by Love Divine.

LORD, thou haſt won, at length I yi
My heart, by mighty grace compel
Surrenders all to thee.
Againſt thy terrors long I ſtrove,
But who can ſtand againſt thy love?
Love canquers even me!

All that a wretch could do I try'd,
Thy patience ſcorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws:
Scarcely the martyrs at the ſtake
Could ſtand more ſtedfaſt for thy ſake,
Than I in ſatan's cauſe.

But ſince thou haſt thy love reveal'd,
And ſhewn my ſoul a pardon ſeal'd,
I can reſiſt no more:
Couldſt thou for ſuch a ſinner bleed?
Couldſt thou for ſuch a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore.

If thou hadſt bid thy thunders roll,
And light'nings flaſh to blaſt my ſoul,
I ſtill had ſtubborn been:
But mercy has my heart ſubdu'd,
A bleeding Savior I have view'd,
And now I hate my ſin.—

Now Lord I would be thine alone,
Come take poſſeſſion of thine own,
For thou haſt ſet me free:
Releas'd from ſatan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting ſtand,
To be employ'd by thee.

358. Chatham T. NORMAN.

Thus it becometh us, &c.

THUS it became the Prince of grace,
And thus ſhould all the favor'd race,
High heav'n's command fulfil;
For that the condeſcending God
Should lead his follow'rs thro' the flood,
Was Heav'n's eternal will.

'Tis not as led by cuſtom's voice,
We make theſe ways our favor'd choice,
And thus with zeal purſue:
No, heav'n's eternal ſov'reign Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

And ſhall we ever dare deſpiſe
The gracious mandate of the ſkies,
Where condeſcending Heav'n,
To ſinful man's apoſtate race,
In matchleſs love and boundleſs grace,
His will reveal'd has giv'n?

Thou everlaſting gracious King,
Aſſiſt us now thy grace to ſing,
And ſtill direct our way
To thoſe bright realms of peace and reſt,
Where all th' exulting tribes are bleſs'd
With one grand choral day.

359. L. M.

Gratitude and Obedience.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted, rove
Amid the wonders of thy love;

The ſight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteouſneſs depend;
My Lord, my Savior, and my Friend.

Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy ſingle praiſe!
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

360. C. M.

Spiritual Circumciſion.

COME from on high, my King and
My confidence thou art:
Diſplay the virtue of thy blood,
And circumciſe my heart.

From heav'n, thy holy place, on me
Deſcend in mercy down;
Water of life, I thirſt for thee,
To know thee for my own.

Rend, O rend the guilty veil,
That keeps me from my God;
Remove the bar, and let me feel
That I am thine abode.

O might this worthleſs heart of mine
The Savior's temple be!
Empty'd of ev'ry love but thine,
And ſhut to all but thee.

661. C. M. STEELE.

To Jeſus.

JESUS, in thy tranſporting name
What bliſsful glories riſe!
Jeſus, the angels' ſweeteſt theme!
The wonder of the ſkies!

Well might the ſkies with wonder view
A love ſo ſtrange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compaſſion ſo divine!

Jeſus, and didſt thou leave the ſky
For miſeries and woes?
And didſt thou bleed, and groan and die
For vile rebellious foes?

Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour?

Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine controul?
Deſcend, O ſov'reign love, deſcend
And melt that ſtubborn ſoul.

O may our willing hearts confeſs
Thy ſweet, thy gentle ſway;
Glad captives of reſiſtleſs grace,
Thy *pleaſing rule obey.*

Come, deareſt Lord, extend thy reign,
'Till rebels riſe no more;
Thy praiſe all nature then ſhall join,
And heav'n and earth adore.

362. L. M.

An Addreſs to the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
On theſe baptiſmal waters move;
That we thro' Energy divine,
May have the ſubſtance with the ſign.

363. L. M.

The Invitation.

ALL ye that love Immanuel's Name,
And long to feel th' increaſing flame,
Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

THE LORD's SUPPER.

364. Sevens. HOSKINS.

SWEETEST notes let ſaints employ,
In the worſhip of the Lord;
Sing his praiſe with ſacred joy,
While ye ſit around his board.

Did the King of glory think
On rebellious worms below?
Snatch us from hell's horrid brink,
And let fallen angels go?

Did he take a human form?
Did he viſit Adam's race?
Was the great Creator born?
Boundleſs love! Surpriſing grace!

Did he do his Father's will?
(And for this the Savior came)

Did he Sinai's law fulfil?
Bleſs O bleſs Immanuel's name.

Did he bear ſin's dreadful weight,
On high Calv'ry's bloody tree?
Never was there love ſo great!
Never was there grace ſo free!

365. L. M. STEELE.

Another.

TO Jeſus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heav'n and earth ador'd!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raiſe
A cheerful ſong of ſacred praiſe.

But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languiſhing, and low;
Far, far above our humble ſongs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worſhip at his feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

Let faith our feeble ſenſes aid,
To ſee thy wond'rous love diſplay'd,
Thy broken fleſh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleaſing anguiſh flow;
And thy forgiving ſmiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to ev'ry heart.

366. C. M. WATTS's H.

Another.

HOW condeſcending, and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

When juſtice, by our ſins provok'd,
Drew forth its awful ſword,
He gave his ſoul up to the ſtroke
Without a murm'ring word.

He ſunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's not a gift his hand beſtows
But coſt his heart a groan.

This was compaſſion like a God,
That when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of Jeſus' dying love:
Hard is the heart that never feels
One ſoft affection move!

Here let our ſouls begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

367. 8. 7. WHITEFIELD's Col.

Another.

SWEET the moments, rich in bleſſing,
Which before the croſs I ſpend!
Life, and health, and peace poſſeſſing
From the ſinner's dying Friend.

Here me fit for ever viewing
Mercy's ſtreams in ſtreams of blood;
Precious drops, my ſoul bedewing,
Plead and prove my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heav'n,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I ſee my ſins forgiven;
Loſt in wonder, love and praiſe.

May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go,
And his blood each day more healing,
And himſelf more deeply know.

368. S. M. WATTS's H.

Another.

JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſweetly hold
Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his fleſh,
And bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor! matchleſs grace
Of our redeeming God!

Our heav'nly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one;
We the dear Children of his love,
And he the firſt-born Son.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe!
Let peace and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

369. C. M. HILL's Col. *altered.*

Another.

WE bleſs the Lord who gave this c
This bread to feaſt upon:
We bleſs the Lord who yielded up
His well beloved Son.

How ſweet the ſtreams of pleaſure flow,
From this repaſt of love!
And if ſo ſweet the ſtreams below,
How ſweet the ſpring above!

There ſaints ſhall ſee the lovely face
Of their forgiving God,
And ſtand compleat in righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in the Savior's blood.

There ſhall they all forget to ſin,
No more remember death,
But drink eternal pleaſures in,
And draw immortal breath.

370. As the 148th. BURY's Col

Another.

HERE, Lord, may we admire
The riches of thy grace!
'Till thou ſhalt call us higher,
There to behold thy face:
Oh height of grace!
Oh depth of love!
Lord fit us for
Our place above.

Who can thy love expreſs?
Thy mercy ne'er decays!
What can our ſouls do leſs
Than love thee all our days?
Bleſs God, each ſoul,
Ev'n unto death;
And write a ſong
For ev'ry breath.

371. C. M. WATTS's H.

Another.

LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And ſing the ſolemn feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial dainties ſtand
For ev'ry willing gueſt.

The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleaſures well refin'd;
They ſpread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

Shout and proclaim the Savior's love,
Ye ſaints that taſte his wine:

Join with your kindred ſaints above,
In loud hoſannas join.

A thouſand glories to the God,
That gives ſuch joy as this;
Hoſanna! let it ſound abroad,
And reach where Jeſus is.

See alſo,

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TIMES AND SEASONS.

372. Sevens. NEWTON.

New-Year's Day.

WHILE, with ceaſeleſs courſe, the Sun
Haſted thro' the former year,
Many ſouls their race have run;
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal ſtate,
They have done with all below;

We a little longer wait—
  But how little, none can know.

As the winged arrow flies
  Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the ſkies
  Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
  Bear us down life's rapid ſtream:
Lord, our expectations raiſe—
  All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies paſt receive;
  Former kindneſſes renew:
From this moment may we live
  With eternity in view:
Bleſs the word to young and old:
  Shed abroad a Savior's love;
And, when life's ſhort tale is told,
  May we dwell with thee above.

373. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Another.

ETERNAL God, we bleſs thy name:
  The ſame thy pow'r, thy grace the ſame:
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and crown, and cloſe the year.

We 'midſt ten thouſand dangers ſtand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And ſee, when we ſurvey thy ways,
Ten thouſand monuments of praiſe.

Thus far thy arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;

And, while we tread this deſert land,
New mercies ſhall new ſongs demand.

Our grateful ſouls on Jordan's ſhore,
Shall raiſe one ſacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inſcriptions of immortal love.

374. Sevens. NEWTON.

Spring.

PLEASING Spring again is come!
Trees and fields appear in bloom:
Now the birds with artleſs lays,
Warble their Creator's praiſe!
Where, in winter, all was ſnow,
Now the flow'rs in cluſters grow;
And the corn, in green array,
Promiſes an harveſt-day.

What a change hath taken place!
Emblem of the ſpring of grace:
How the ſoul, in winter, mourns,
'Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
'Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bid the heart revive again;
Then his dews the ſoul refreſh,
And each grace ſprings forth afreſh.

Chriſtians ſoon ſhall be at home,
Where no changes ever come;
Where their ſouls no winter fear,
Where 'tis ſpring throughout the year:
(How unlike this ſtate below,
Where the ſaints ſuch changes know!)
There no chilling blaſts annoy,
All is love, and peace, and joy.

375. C. M.

Another.

O Happy ſtate, divine abode,
Where ſpring eternal reigns!
And perfect day, the ſmile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

Spirit of grace, thy beams diſplay;
My drooping joys reſtore;
And guide me ſafe to endleſs day,
Where winter frowns no more.

376. Sevens. BARBAULD.

Summer; or, Harveſt.

PRAISE to God, immortal praiſe
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous ſource of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praiſe our tongues employ;

For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's uſe;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow ſheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuſe;

All that ſpring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours,
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores.

Theſe to thee, great God, we owe;
Source whence all our bleſſings flow;
And for theſe, our ſouls ſhall raiſe
Grateful notes of ſolemn praiſe.

377. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Seaſons crowned with Goodneſs.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee Sov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports and guides the whole!
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

The flow'ry ſpring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigor ſhine
To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our coaſt redundant ſtores;
And winters, ſoften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe:
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and ev'ning ſhade.

Here in thy houſe let incenſe riſe,
And circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes,
'Till to thoſe lofty heights we ſoar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

378. L. M.

Winter.

PRAISE ye the Lord: O bliſsful theme,
To ſing the honors of his name!
'Tis pleaſure, 'tis divine delight,
And praiſe is lovely in his ſight.

He ſpeaks! and ſwiftly from the ſkies
To earth th' ſov'reign mandate flies;
Obſervant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.

Now thick deſcending flakes of ſnow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glitt'ring froſt, o'er all the plains,
Extends its univerſal chains.

At his fierce ſtorms of icy hail,
The ſhiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail;
Before his cold, what life can ſtand,
Unſhelter'd by his guardian hand?

He ſpeaks! The ice and ſnow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales ſoft riſing blow,
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

But nobler works his grace record,
To Iſrael he reveals his word;
To Jacob's happy ſons, alone,
He makes his ſacred precepts known.

Such bliſs no other nation ſhares,
The laws of heav'n are only theirs;
Ye favor'd tribes, your voices raiſe,
And bleſs your God in ſongs of praiſe.

379. C. M. WATTS's H.

Fifth of November.

SION, rejoice, and Judah, ſing,
The Lord aſſumes his throne!
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.

His pow'r the whole creation rules,
And, on the ſtarry ſkies,
Sits ſmiling at the weak deſigns,
His envious foes deviſe.

His ſcorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd,
Their treaſons all betray'd;
Praiſe to the Lord, that broke the ſnare
Their curſed hands had laid.

In vain the buſy ſons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their ſouls ſhall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

Almighty *grace* defends our land
From their malicious pow'r;
Let Britain, with united ſongs,
Almighty *grace* adore.

380. C. M. WATTS's H.

The Ruin of Antichriſt.

"I Lift my banner (ſaith the Lord)
"Where Antichriſt has ſtood;
"The city of my goſpel-foes
"Shall be a field of blood.

"My heart hath ſtudy'd juſt revenge,
"And now the day appears;
"The day of my redeem'd is come,
"To wipe away their tears.

"Quite weary is my patience grown,
"And bids my fury go:
"Swift as the light'ning it ſhall move,
"And be as fatal too.

"I call for helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my goſpel none?
"Well, mine own arm has might enough
"To cruſh my foes alone.

"Slaughter, and my devouring ſword,
"Shall walk the ſtreets around,
"Babel ſhall reel beneath my ſtroke,
"And ſtagger to the ground.

Thy honors, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thy awful vengeance ſing,
And our Deliv'rer praiſe.

381. Sevens. FAWCETT.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.
A Birth-Day Hymn.

I My *Ebenezer* raiſe
To my kind Redeemer's praiſe;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This ſhall ſet my heart at reſt,
What thy will ordains is beſt.

I my all to thee reſign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

Guard me, Savior, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking ſnare.

Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praiſe;
So the laſt, the cloſing ſcene,
Shall be tranquil and ſerene.

To thy will I leave the reſt,
Grant me but this one requeſt,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy ſpecial love.

—

382. Clark's T. TOPLADY's C.

For a Public Faſt.

JESUS, ſin-atoning Lamb,
Thy gracious pity ſhow;
All the kindneſs of thy name
Let favor'd Britain know;
Utter not the awful word,
And do not, do not vengeance take:
Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
For thy own mercy's ſake.

Worſt of all th' apoſtate race,
Yet liſten to our cry:
Moſt unworthy of thy grace,
Without thy grace we die;
Tophet is our juſt reward,
Yet ſnatch us from the burning lake;
Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
For thy own mercy's ſake.

Though thy judgments are abroad,
Let us thy goodneſs prove:
Save us, O moſt gracious God,
In honor of thy love!
Though thy righteous hand is ſtirr'd,
Ariſing ſlow the earth to ſhake;
Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
For thy own mercy's ſake.

O alarm the ſleeping crowd,
And fill their ſouls with dread:
Then avert the low'ring cloud
Impending o'er our head:

Turn aſide the hoſtile ſword,
And us to thy protection take:
Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
For thy own mercy's ſake.

383. 8. MORTON's Col.

For a Time of Dearth.

ALTHO' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The fields deceive the tiller's toil;
Altho' the ſtall no herd afford,
And periſh all the bleating race,
Ye ranſom'd, triumph in the Lord;
The God of your ſalvation praiſe.

Tho' comfortleſs the ſoul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear;
Tho' joy be ſought, and ſought in vain,
And tho' deſpair itſelf be near;
Altho' aſſurance all be loſt,
And blooming hopes cut off they ſee,
Lord, teach thy people ſtill to truſt,
And may they ſtill rely on thee.

May ſaints, believing againſt hope,
An intereſt in the Savior claim:
Jeſus ſhall lift believers up;
Salvation is in Jeſus' name.
'Tis he ſhall bring deliv'rance nigh,
And then dejected ſaints ſhall find,
When he ſhall lift their comforts high,
His *arm* how ſtrong, his *heart* how kind.

384. L. M. RIPPON's Sel.

Deliverance.

VHAT hath God wrought! might Iſrael ſay,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
d gave a paſſage to their bands,
:ly to march acroſs its ſands.

iat hath God wrought! might well be ſaid,
ien Jeſus, riſing from the dead,
tter'd the ſhades of pagan night,
d bleſs'd the nations with his light.

iat hath God wrought! let Britons ſee,
ed from the plagues of popery,
tenfold night, its iron chains,
galling yoke, its cruel pains.

iat hath God wrought! in glad ſurpriſe,
ll ſound thro' all the earth and ſkies,
en, like a mill-ſtone in the main,
ud Rome ſhall ſink, nor riſe again.

at hath God wrought! O bliſsful theme!
we redeem'd, and call'd by him?
ll we be led the deſert thro'—
l ſafe arrive at glory too?

news will ev'ry harp employ,
ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy,
en we ſhall join the heav'nly throng
ſwell the triumph and the ſong!

385. L. M. STEELE.

Praiſe for National Peace.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and ſkies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can ſink the world, or bid it riſe;
Thy ſmile is life, thy frown is death.

When angry nations ruſh to arms,
And rage, and noiſe, and tumult reign,
And war reſounds its dire alarms,
And ſlaughter ſpreads the hoſtile plain;

Thy ſov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their courſe, and bounds their pow'r;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noiſe and war are heard no more.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what bleſſings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies ſing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

Thou good, and wiſe, and righteous Lord,
All move ſubſervient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy ſublime decrees fulfil.

To thee we pay our grateful ſongs,
Thy kind protection ſtill implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confeſs thy goodneſs and adore.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

386. C. M. STEELE.

HOW long ſhall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardleſs of immortal joys,
And ſtrangers to the ſkies?

Theſe tranſient ſcenes will ſoon decay:
They fade upon the ſight;
And quickly will their brighteſt day
Be loſt in endleſs night.

Their brighteſt day, alas, how vain!
With conſcious ſighs we own;
While clouds of ſorrow, care and pain,
O'erſhade the ſmiling noon.

Oh, could our thoughts and wiſhes fly
Above theſe gloomy ſhades,
To thoſe bright worlds beyond the ſky,
Which ſorrow ne'er invades!

There joys, unſeen by mortal eyes,
Or reaſon's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming proſpects riſe,
Unconſcious of decay.

Lord! ſend a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

Then ſhall, on faith's ſublimeſt wing,
Our ardent wiſhes riſe

To thoſe bright ſcenes, where pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the ſkies.

387. C. M. WATTS's H.

Another.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers ſtand thick, thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb:
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Infinite joy, or endleſs woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dangerous road;
And, when our ſouls are taken hence,
May they be found with God!

388. C. M. WATTS's H.

be Shortneſs of Time, and the Goodneſs of God.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in haſte,
That we can never ſay, "They're here:"
But only ſay, "They're paſt."

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy laſting favors ſhare,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'ſt the rolling year.

'Tis ſov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace ſtands pointing out the road
That leads our ſouls above.

His goodneſs runs an endleſs round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And, be his name ador'd!

Thus we begin the laſting ſong;
And when we cloſe our eyes,
Let the next age thy praiſe prolong,
'Till time and nature dies.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

389. Sevens. BRADFORD'S Col.

Bleſſed are the Dead who die in the Lord.

BLESSED are the dead who reſt
On the dear Redeemer's breaſt:
Peaceful in his arms they lie;
Happy in their Lord they die.

Death, a meſſenger of peace,
Brings to them a ſweet releaſe;
Waſh'd in Chriſt's atoning blood,
They for ever are with God.

Now the ſtorm's for ever o'er;
Now they've gain'd the bliſsful ſhore:
Sav'd by Jeſus' outſtretch'd hand
They have reach'd the wiſh'd-for land.

More than conqu'rors through the Lamb,
They his victories proclaim;
Caſt their crowns before the throne,
Sav'd by rich free grace alone.

Loſt in wonder, now they gaze
On the dear Immanuel's face:
Like him now—what glory this!
For they ſee him as he is.

390. C. M. TOPLADY'S Col.

Happineſs of Saints departed.

HOW happy are the ſouls above,
From ſin and ſorrow free!

With Jeſus they are now at reſt,
And all his glory ſee.

Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God:
In ceaſeleſs hymns of praiſe they ſhout
The virtue of his blood.

Sweet gratitude inſpires their ſongs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

With wond'ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers paſt;
And bleſs the wiſdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them ſafe at laſt.

They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they ſee him go;
And at the footſtool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

Lord, let the merit of thy death,
To us be likewiſe giv'n;
And we, with them, will ſhout thy praiſe
Through all the ſtreets of heav'n.

391. S. M. HOSKINS.

The Wicked are driven away, &c.

HOW will the wicked ſtand
In that tremendous day;
When God with his uplifted hand
Shall drive them far away.

Tho' ſinners now are bold,
And ſin with ev'ry breath:
How will they tremble to behold
The meſſenger of death!

Tho' now they dare deſpiſe
Salvation's gracious word;
How will they die! how will they riſe
And ſtand before the Lord!

In ev'ry ſinner's heart
What horror then muſt dwell;
When God ſhall thunder out "Depart!"
And drive them down to hell!

But righteous ſouls, rejoice!
For you have hope in death:
Shall triumph with your fault'ring voice,
And your expiring breath!

The Lord, in whom you truſt,
Will guide you ſafely home:
Receive your ſouls, preſerve your duſt,
And both with glory crown.

392. C. M. TOPLADY.

The Righteous hath Hope in his Death.

WHEN languor and diſeaſe invade
This trembling houſe of clay,
'Tis ſweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whiſpers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jeſus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and ſee my name
In life's fair book ſet down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My ſins on Jeſus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of ſuff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteouſneſs to ſtand,
Which ſaves from ſecond death;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulneſs to reſt,
Whoſe love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To truſt his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie paſſive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If ſuch the ſweetneſs of the ſtreams,
What muſt the Fountain be,
Where ſaints and angels draw their bliſs
Immediately from thee?

393. C. M.

Another.

WHEN languor and diſeaſe invade
This trembling houſe of clay;
With joy I look beyond my cage,
And long to ſoar away.

I now rejoice in humble hope,
That when my change ſhall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And bear my ſpirit home.

There ſhall my dis-impriſon'd ſoul
View Jeſus and adore;
Be with his likeneſs ſatisfied,
And grieve and ſin no more.

Shall ſee him wear that very fleſh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intenſe, his merit freſh,
As tho' but newly ſlain.

Soon too my ſlumb'ring duſt ſhall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning ſound;
And by my Savior's pow'r rebuilt,
At his right-hand be found.—

If ſuch the views which grace unfolds
Weak as it is below;
What raptures muſt the church above
In Jeſus' preſence know!

O may the unction of theſe truths,
For ever with me ſtay;
'Till from her ſinful cage diſmiſs'd
My ſpirit flies away.

394. C. M. WATTS's P.

Man frail, and God eternal.

O God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come;
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

A thouſand ages, in thy ſight,
Are, like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the riſing ſun.

The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the flood,
And loſt in foll'wing years.

Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

O God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard, while life ſhall laſt,
And our eternal home.

395. S. M. TOPLADY's Col.

Preparation for Death.

PREPARE us, gracious God,
To ſtand before thy face;
Thy Spirit muſt the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

In Chriſt's obedience clothe,
And waſh us in his blood:
So ſhall we lift our heads with joy,
Among the ſons of God.

Do thou our ſins ſubdue,
Thy ſov'reign love make known;
The ſpirit of our minds renew,
And ſave us in thy Son.

Let us atteſt thy pow'r,
Let us thy goodneſs prove,
'Till our full ſouls can hold no more
Of everlaſting love.

396. L. M.

Triumph over Death.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
Thy praiſe ſhall ſtill employ my tongue;
For ever will I make thy love
The pleaſing burthen of my ſong.

When, in the ſhades of gloomy night,
Oppreſt with dark deſpair I lay,
Thy grace upheld my fainting heart,
And chac d my diſmal fears away.

Chear'd with thy light, the dreary vale
Loſes its horror, and its gloom:
Thy grace can make e'en death to ſmile,
And ſpread a glory round my tomb.

Thou, king of dread! my faith and hope
Above thine utmoſt malice ſoar:
O death! where is thy mighty ſting?
Nor boaſt, O grave, thy victory more.

Thanks to thy name, thou God of Love!
To thee eternal thanks I give:
I'll ſtill purſue the glorious theme,
Long as my deathleſs ſoul ſhall live.

O! could I join the ſhining hoſt,
And ſtrike thoſe golden harps above!—
But I can never, never ſing
In ſtrains proportion'd to thy love.

397. C. M. WATTS's H.

A Funeral Hymn.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his arms.

Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he aroſe and burſt the chain,
To ſhew our feet the way,
From ſhades, where death and darkneſs reign,
To realms of endleſs day.

Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our kindred riſe:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

393. As the 148th. TOPLADY.

The Spiritual Voyage.

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where ſin lulls all aſleep:
For thee I would the world reſign,
And ſail to heav'n with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wiſe;
My compaſs is thy word:
My ſoul each ſtorm defies,
While I have ſuch a Lord!
I truſt thy faithfulneſs and pow'r
To ſave me in the trying hour.

Tho' rocks, and quickſands deep
Thro' all my paſſage lie;
Yet Chriſt ſhall ſafely keep
And guide me with his eye.
My anchor hope ſhall firm abide,
And I each boiſt'rous ſtorm outride.

By faith I ſee the land,—
The port of endleſs reſt:
My ſoul, thy ſails expand,
And fly to Jeſus' breaſt!
O may I reach the heav'nly ſhore
Where winds and waves diſtreſs no more!

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And ſtorms forbear to toſs;
Be thou, dear Lord, ſtill nigh,
Leſt I ſhould ſuffer loſs:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempeſts burſting o'er my head.

Come, Holy Ghoſt, and blow
A proſp'rous gale of grace,
Waſt me from all below
To heav'n—my deſtin'd place!
Then in full ſail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

399. C. M. STENNETT.

Comfort under the loſs of a Child.

THY life I read, my deareſt Lord,
With tranſport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,—
Thy love in ev'ry line.

Methinks I ſee a thouſand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tende: arms
Receive the ſmiling grace.

"I take theſe little lambs," ſaid he,
"And lay them on my breaſt;
"Protection they ſhall find in me,—
"In me be ever bleſt.

"Death may the bands of life unloſe,
"But can't diſſolve my love:
"Millions of infant ſouls compoſe
"The family above.

"Their feeble frames my pow'r ſhall raiſe,
"And mould with heav'nly ſkill;
"I'll give them tongues to ſing thy praiſe,
"And hands to do my will."—

His words the happy parents hear.
And ſhout, with joys divine,
Dear Savior, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

400. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort under the loſs of Miniſters.

NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why ſhould theſe eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Savior nigh?

What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own houſe invade?
What tho' the prophet and the prieſt
Be number'd with the dead?

Tho' earthly ſhepherds dwell in duſt,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkneſs cloſe'd,
And mute th' inſtructive tongue:

Th' eternal Shepherd ſtill ſurvives
New comfort to impart;
His eye ſtill guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

"Lo, I am with you," ſaith the Lord,
"My church ſhall ſafe abide;
"For I will ne'er forſake my own,
"Whoſe ſouls in me confide."—

Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life and death,
This promiſe is our truſt;
And this ſhall be our children's ſong,
When we are cold in duſt.

DEATH.

401. C. M. WATTS's H.

A Proſpect of Heaven makes Death eaſy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſt in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

O! could we find our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er;
Not Jordan's ſtream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the ſhore.

402. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Refurrection of the Body.

WHY ſhould our mourning thoughts de-
To grovel in the duſt? [light
O why ſhould ſtreams of tears unite
Around th' expiring juſt?

Did not the Lord our Savior die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not the Lord aſcend on high,
And prove his pow'r to ſave?

Doth not the ſacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the ſaints?
And ſhould the temples of his grace
Reſound with long complaints?

Awake my ſoul, and like the ſun
Burſt thro' each ſable cloud:
And thou, my voiſe, tho' broke with ſighs,
Tune forth thy ſongs aloud.

The Spirit rais'd my Savior up,
When he had bled for me;
And, ſpite of death and hell, ſhall raiſe
Thy pious friends and thee.

Awake, ye ſaints, that dwell in duſt,
Your hymns of vict'ry ſing;
And let his dying ſervants truſt
Their ever-living King.

403. C. M.

Another.

WHAT, tho' our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh ſhould ſee the duſt?
Yet, as the Lord our Savior roſe,
So all his people muſt.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reſerv'd againſt that day:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And fadeth not away.

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
'Till this ſalvation come:
We walk by faith, as ſtrangers here,
'Till Chriſt ſhall take us home.

404. L. M. WILLIAMS.

I know that my Redeemer lives, &c.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
This thought tranſporting pleaſure gives;
And ſtanding, at the latter day,
On earth his glories ſhall diſplay.

And tho' this goodly mortal frame,
Sink to the duſt from whence it came;
Tho' bury'd in the ſilent tomb,
And worms my ſkin and fleſh conſume:

Yet on that happy riſing morn,
New life this body ſhall adorn;
Theſe active pow'rs refin'd ſhall be,
And God my Savior I ſhall ſee.

Tho' periſh'd all my cold remains,
Tho' all conſum'd my heart and reins;
Yet, for myſelf, theſe wond'ring eyes,
God ſhall behold with glad ſurprize.

JUDGMENT AND HEAVEN.

405. / Leoni T. MORTON's Col.

Circumſtances attending the Coming of Chriſt in the Day of Judgment.

A Voice ſhall ſoon be heard;
And all mankind attend;
The great Archangel ſpeaks the word;
And time ſhall end:
The ſolemn day unknown;
By prophets long foretold;
When Jeſus, on his great white throne,
We ſhall behold.

Then ſhall both great and ſmall
At his tribunal ſtand:
For God himſelf ſhall ſend the call
Thro' ev'ry land:
The ſeas their dead reſtore;
The graves obey the call;
And death and hell appear before
The Judge of all.

Then Adam's num'rous race
Shall ev'ry one appear
Before the great Jehovah's face,
Their doom to hear:

The books be open'd wide,
  Which all their deeds contain;
And then ſhall ſinners ſeek to hide
  Themſelves in vain.

But manſions are prepar'd
  In Canaan's happy land:
Saints ſhall receive their great reward
  At God's right hand:
Then will their trials end;
  The weary be at reſt,
In the enjoyment of their Friend
  For ever bleſt.

With endleſs glory crown'd,
  They'll hallelujahs ſing;
And, while their flowing joys abound,
  They'll bleſs their King.
They'll at his footſtool fall;
  And all their hoſts agree
To praiſe a Triune God thro' all
  Eternity.

406. Hemſley T. NEWTON.

Day of Judgment.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
  Hark! the trumpet's awful ſound,
Louder than a thouſand thunders,
  Shakes the vaſt creation round!
How the ſummons
Will the ſinner's heart confound!

JUDGMENT.

See the Judge our nature wearing,
  Cloth'd in Majeſty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
  Then ſhall ſay, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Savior,
Own me in that day for thine!

At his call the dead awaken,
  Riſe to life from earth and ſea:
All the pow'rs of nature, ſhaken
  By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careleſs ſinner,
What will then become of thee?

Horrors, paſt imagination,
  Will ſurprize your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
  "Hence, accurſed wretch, depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels have thy part!"

But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
  Lov'd and fear'd the Lord below,
He will ſay, "Come near, ye bleſſed!
  "See the Kingdom I beſtow!
"You for ever
"Shall my love and glory know."

Under ſorrows and reproaches,
  May this thought our courage raiſe!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
  Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to praiſe!
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

407. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Second Appearance of Chriſt.

MY waken'd ſoul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in ſmoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole.
Pale ſun, no more thy luſtre boaſt:—
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry hoſt.

This wreck of nature all around,—
The angels ſhout, the trumpets ſound,
Loud the deſcending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endleſs bliſs, or endleſs woe!

Lord, to *my* eyes this ſcene diſplay
Frequent thro' each returning day;
And let thy grace my ſoul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

408. C. M. MORTON'S Col.

The dreadful Situation of the Sinner in the Day of Judgment.

SOON ſhall the Judge of quick and dead
Upon the earth appear;

And ſinners, with an awful dread,
Shall view the judgment near.

Soon ſhall his foes be cloth'd with ſhame,
And all their hopes ſhall die;
For ſoon the trumpet ſhall proclaim
The King of nations nigh.

Adieu, the joyous ſinner's mirth!
His heart for fear ſhall fail;
And all the kindreds of the earth
In great diſtreſs ſhall wail.

Soon ſhall the ſolemn day commence,
When all who God forgot
Shall call to mountains for defence,
And mountains hear them not.

Lord, when the dreadful thunders roll,
And rocks and mountains flee;
In that great day, O may my ſoul
Be found ſecur'd in thee!

409. S. M. HOSKINS.

Then ſhall the Righteous ſhine as the Sun, &c.

THE ſaints of God whilſt here,
Are princes in diſguiſe;
Their glory doth not yet appear,
And ſinners them deſpiſe.

The wicked now oppoſe,
And treat the ſaints with ſcorn;
Inward corruptions, outward foes,
Oft make the righteous mourn.

But there's a day at hand :
Yes, ſinner, it is near,
When we muſt all before him ſtand,
And at his bar appear !

Soon will the trump of God
Command the dead to riſe,
And leave the grave, that dark abode,
To meet him in the ſkies !

Then God his ſaints ſhall own ;
Then ſhall the right'ous ſhine,
In light and luſtre as the ſun :
In glory all divine.

There ſhall they ever reign
With Chriſt their Lord above ;
To praiſe the Lamb on Calv'ry ſlain,
And ſing redeeming love.

410. Chatham T. RIPPON's Sel.

Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

WHEN thou my righteous Judge ſhalt come
To fetch thy ranſom'd people home,
Shall I among them ſtand ?
Shall ſuch a worthleſs worm as I,
Who ſometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

I love to meet among them now
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vileſt of them all :

But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name ſhould be left out,
When thou for them ſhalt call!

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear
To ſtill my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy ſaints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump ſhall ſound,
To ſee thy ſmiling face;
Then loudeſt of the crowd I'll ſing,
While heav'n's reſounding manſions ring
With ſhouts of ſov'reign grace.

411. L. M. WTTTS's H.

Longing for Heaven.

DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll.
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There ſits the Savior crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!

O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they ſing,
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!

When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That we ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt them there,
And view thy face, and ſing and love?

412. New Jeruſalem T. FRANCIS.

The Verge of Heaven.

MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praiſes aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To ſhout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them inceſſantly ſhine,
My boundleſs ineffable joy.

He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My ſoul from the confines of hell,
To live on the ſmiles of my God,
And in his ſweet preſence to dwell;
To ſhine with the angels of light;
With ſaints and with ſeraphs to ſing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jeſus, my Savior, my King.

Ye palaces, ſceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with diſdain I ſurvey;
Your pomps are but ſhadows and ſounds,
And paſs in a moment away:
The crown that my Savior beſtows,
Yon permanent ſun ſhall outſhine;
My joy everlaſtingly flows,—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

413. C. M. STEELE.

The promiſed Land.

FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night
Unbounded glories riſe;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns.

No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But Glory, from the ſacred throne,
Spreads everlaſting day.

O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our ſouls riſe up and join
The chorus of the ſky.

414. C. M. MORTON's Col.

Heaven.

IN Heav'n the dear Redeemer ſits:
The God, how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs, with elevated ſtrains,
Circle the throne around;
And ſing, and charm the heav'nly plains
With an immortal ſound.

Jeſus, the Lord, their harps employs:
Jeſus, the God, they ſing:
"Jeſus, the life of endleſs joys,"
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

How far beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run,
And echo, in majeſtic ſounds,
The triumphs of the Son!

Ariſe, my ſoul, and join the ſong,
Ye ſaints, adore him too:
Ye ſouls, who to the Lord belong,
Here's bleſſed work for you.

With joy divine, with bliſs replete
The ſubjects of his grace
Shall ſurely, and ſhall ſhortly meet
Before the Savior's face.

415. C. M. STEELE.

*The Joys of Heaven.**

COME Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influ'nce to our ſong.

Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy, and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloath'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Savior ſhines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

There ſhall the follow'rs of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
'Till, in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

* See alſo 155.

416. C. M. NEWTON.

There the weary are at reſt, &c.

COURAGE my ſoul! behold the prize
The Savior's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the ſkies
For all whom here he guides.

The wicked ceaſe from troubling there,
The weary are at reſt;
Sorrow, and ſin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the bleſt.

A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too ſucceſsful part
In harraſſing my mind.

In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I!
Did not thy promiſe bear me up,
My ſoul muſt faint and die.

But fighting in my Savior's ſtrength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,
I ſhall a conqueror be at length
O'er all that can oppoſe.

Then why, my ſoul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory ſee!
The more I toil and ſuffer here,
The ſweeter reſt will be.

417. L. M. Jay's Col.

What are theſe, and whence came they?

Q. EXALTED high, at God's right-hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs ſtand,
With glory crown'd in white array,
My wond'ring ſoul ſays, who are they?

A. Theſe are the ſaints belov'd of God,
Waſh'd are their robes in Jeſus' blood;
More ſpotleſs than the pureſt white,
They ſhine in uncreated light.

Q. Brighter than angels, lo, they ſhine;
Their glories great—yea, all divine;
Tell me their origin, and ſay
Their order what; and whence came they?

A. Thro' tribulation great they came,
They bore the croſs and ſcorn'd the ſhame;
Within the Living Temple bleſt,
Near Chriſt they dwell, and on him reſt.

Q. And does the croſs thus prove their gain?
And ſhall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on ſapphire thrones to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace?

A. Hunger they ne'er ſhall feel again,
Nor burning thirſt ſhall they ſuſtain:
To wells of living waters led,
By God the Lamb, for ever fed.

Q. Unknown to mortal ears they ſing
The ſecret glories of their King:
Tell me the ſubject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praiſe?

Jeſus the Savior is their theme;
They ſing the wonders of his name;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praiſe and ſay, Amen.

418. C. M.

Heaven ſure to all the choſen Race.

HOW vaſt the benefits divine,
Which we in Chriſt poſſeſs,
Sav'd from the guilt of ſin we are,
And call'd to holineſs.

But not for works which we have done,
Or ſhall hereafter do,
Hath God decreed on ſinful worms
Salvation to beſtow.

The glory, Lord, from firſt to laſt,
Is due to thee alone:
Aught to ourſelves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

Our glorious Surety undertook
To ſatisfy for man,
And grace was given us in him,
Before the world began.

This is thy will, that in thy love
We ever ſhould abide:
And lo; we earth and hell defy
To make thy counſel void.

Not one of all the choſen race,
But ſhall to heav'n attain;
Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
And then with Jeſus reign.

Of Father, Son, and Spirit, we
Extol the threefold care,
Whoſe love, whoſe merit, and whoſe pow'r
Unite to lift us there.

419. C. M. WATTS's H.

The humble Worſhip of Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to ſee
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy ſeat, my God!

Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 'tis a pleaſing ſight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of ſenſe
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder, and with love.

Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they ſhrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

There I would vie with all the hoſt
In duty and in bliſs;
While *leſs than nothing* I could boaſt,
And *vanity* confeſs.

The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes,
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink, my joys ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

420. L. M. STEELE.

Another.

O For a ſweet inſpiring ray
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms, where Jeſus reigns!

There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring ſaints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worſhip, own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heav'n, their all.

Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe,
And love and joy, and triumph ſpread
Through all the regions of the ſkies.

He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

There all the ranſom'd of the Lamb
Shall join, at laſt, the heav'nly choir:
O may the joy-inſpiring theme
Now warm our hearts with holy fire!

Dear Savior, let thy Spirit ſeal
Our title to that bliſsful place;
Till death removes this earthly veil,
And glory crowns thy ſaving grace.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

421. C. M.

God our Father!

COME, humble ſouls, ye mourners, come
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your ſad complaints,
Your ſorrows and your fears.

Come, ſhout aloud the Father's grace,
The Savior's dying love;
Soon you ſhall ſing the glorious theme,
In loftier ſtrains, above.

God, the eternal mighty God,
To dearer names deſcends;
Calls you his treaſure and his joy,
His children and his friends.—

My Father God! and may theſe lips
Pronounce a name ſo dear!
Not thus could heav'n's ſweet harmony
Delight my liſt'ning ear.

Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands beſtow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all thoſe comforts flow.

For ever let my grateful heart
His boundleſs grace adore,
Which gives ten thouſand bleſſings now,
And bids me hope for more.

Tranſporting hope! ſtill on my ſoul
May his ſweet glories ſhine,
Till all my pow'rs are loſt in joys
Immortal, and divine.

422. C. M.

Chriſt our All in All.

CHRIST, as our great Phyſician, heals
Our maladies within;
Relieves the pangs the conſcience feels
From recollected ſin.

He ſees our many preſſing wants
With a propitious eye;
And from his own abundance grants
A free and rich ſupply.

He ſympathizes with our grief,
And lends a gracious ear
To all our groans,—and gives relief,
Whate'er we feel or fear.

'Tis he ſubdues our num'rous foes,
And blaſts their vile intent;
And he will always interpoſe,
Our ruin to prevent.

He manages our mean affairs
From his high throne above;
And ſooths our ſorrows and our cares,
With his endearing love.

My ſoul, with ſacred rapture, ſaith
(When Jeſus is in view)
This is the Object of my faith,
And this its Author too.

Angels his name with joy confeſs,
And low before him fall;
Then what can ſinners here do leſs,
Than own him All in All.

423. Sevens.

Chriſt the ſame Yeſterday, and for ever.

BRETHREN, let us look around,
To creation's utmoſt bound;
Lo, this beauteous fabric ſhall
Into dire confuſion fall:
But our Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Each dear object of our love,
(Rending thought) muſt ſoon remove;
Crowns and kingdoms be reſign'd,
Leaving not a wreck behind:
But our Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Wiſdom, holineſs, and might,
Truth, and juſtice, are his right;
Boundleſs goodneſs! love ſupreme!
Flow'd eternally from him:
Jeſus Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Abraham's bold rebellious race,
Found him full of truth and grace;
Prieſts and prophets all have told,
What he did for ſaints of old:
Jeſus Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Will he now his grace deny,
Lay his wonted kindneſs by:
Will he, can he, ſay depart,
To the humble contrite heart?
No, our Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Should our guilt like vapours riſe,
Veiling Jeſus from our eyes;
Should the world our hearts aſſail,
And unnumber'd fears prevail;
Jeſus' love is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there;
He will ſoon our ſuit attend,
Shew himſelf the ſinner's friend:
Jeſus' love is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

What can creatures further ſay,
Is he not the ſame to-day?
Shall he not for ever prove,
Jeſus Chriſt the ſame above?
Yes, in heav'n he'll prove the the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

424. Chatham T.

He is the Propitiation for our Sins.

O Thou that hear'ſt the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not ſave a ſoul from death
That caſts itſelf on thee?

I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And ſuffered once for me.

Slain in the guilty ſinner's ſtead,
His ſpotleſs righteouſneſs I plead,
And his availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe ſhall be,
Thy merit ſhall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

Then ſnatch me from eternal death,
The ſpirit of adoption breathe,
His conſolations ſend;
By him ſome word of life impart,
And ſweetly whiſper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

The king of terrors then would be,
A welcome meſſenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclog'd by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount upon cherubic wings
To everlaſting day.

425. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Chriſt our Sacrifice.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love hath wrou
Exceed all praiſe, ſurmount all thougl
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our ſpeech would faint, our numbers fail.

No blood of beaſts on altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy deſigns he bows his ears;
Aſſumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

"Behold, I come," the Savior cries,
Love is the language of his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of ſins, and do thy will, O God.

"I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw:
"When on my croſs I'm lifted high,
"I'll win their hearts, and bring them nigh.

"Thy law is written in my heart,
"I'll finiſh well the Savior's part;
"Bid mourning ſouls adore *thy* grace,
"And ſave them by *my* righteouſneſs.

426. L. M. WATTS's P.

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

A Miſſionary Hymn.

JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
His vaſt ſucceſſive courſe ſhall run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

To him ſhall endleſs prayer be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head:
His name, like ſweet perfume ſhall riſe
With every evening ſacrifice.

People, and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong,

And infant-voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns,
The priſoner leaps to looſe his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

Let every creature riſe and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

427. C. M.

Saints longing to ſee their King with his many Crowns.

A Miſſionary Hymn.

GO forth, ye ſaints, behold your King
With God-like honors crown'd,
Ten thouſand beauties in his word
Shall ſpread his fame around.

Where'er the ſun begins its race,
Or ſtops its ſwift career,
Both eaſt and weſt ſhall own his grace,
And Chriſt be honor'd there.

Ten thouſand crowns encircling ſhow
The victories he hath won:
O may his conqueſts ever grow
While time its courſe ſhall run.

Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more ſubdue,
Deſtroy *our* enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

428. Eights.

The Prayer of the repenting Backſlider.

AH! give me, Lord, myſelf to ſee,
Againſt myſelf to watch and pray;
How weak am I, when left by thee,
How frail, how apt to fall away;
If but a moment thou withdraw,
That moment ſees me break thy law.

Jeſus, the ſinner's only truſt,
Let me now feel thy grace infus'd;
Ah! raiſe a captive from the duſt,
Nor break a reed already bruis'd!
Viſit me, Lord, in peace again,
Nor let me ſeek thy face in vain.

O gracious Lord, now let me find
Peace and ſalvation in thy name;
Be thou the eye-ſight of the blind,
The ſtaff and ancles of the lame;
My lifter up whene'er I fall,
My ſtrength, my portion, and my all.

Let thy meek mind deſcend on me,
Thy Holy Spirit from above!
Aſſiſt me, Lord, to follow thee,
Drawn by th' endearing cords of love;
Made perfect by thy cleanſing blood,
Completely ſav'd and born of God.

429. C. M.

Imploring the Preſence of God.

LORD, let me ſee thy beauteous face!
It yields a heav'n below;

And angels round the throne will ſay
'Tis all the heav'n they know.

A glimpſe—a ſingle glimpſe of thee
Would more delight my ſoul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I poſſeſs the whole.

430. C. M.

The Lord hath laid on him the Iniquity of us all.

CHARG'D with the complicated load
Of all his people's debt,
By faith I ſee the Lamb of God
Expire beneath its weight.

My guilt, transferr'd from me to him,
Shall never more be found;
Loſt in his blood's atoning ſtream,
And in that fountain drown'd.

My mighty ſins to thee are known;
But mightier ſtill is He,
Who laid his life a ranſom down,
And pleads his death for me.

"*FORGIVE the ſong that falls ſo low*
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praiſe, however poor,
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